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THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

Photographed after the Wedding Ceremony by our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a discussion going on in a literary journal as to the velocity of Time: it has no scientific aspect whatever, but only a sentimental one. One correspondent thinks that the hours of agreeable labour are the swiftest, another those of calm enjoyment without incident—the “serene” ones which are denoted by the sundial. Of these two opinions I agree with the former; Time flits more quickly on the feather of my pen than on the well-oiled wheels of leisure; but where he goes at express speed is when we would fain have him loiter and delay. When we have to say good-bye to those we love, for example, bound to distant climes—that premature death with which of all people of this earth our countrymen are most familiar—with what appalling quickness the time goes by! “But a month more, and they will be gone,” we say, and hardly have we pictured it when it is but a week, and then to-morrow. “The very word is like a bell”—a death-bell. It behoves us surely to make the most of them—to bathe in the brief sunshine of their presence while they are with us; but that is impossible, because of the shadow of the coming separation. Only the schoolboy—and even he not always—can enjoy the last days of his vacation to the full. The dying, as a general rule, take but little note of time, though if they are in pain they will complain of its lingering step. But with those appointed to die by their fellow-man—condemned criminals—it is, I am told, very different. Wretched as are their surroundings, the thought of having to exchange them for they know not what is terrible; they would cling, if they could, to each passing hour. Some of these unhappy creatures will, nevertheless, anticipate their doom—a contradiction not unparalleled in other cases. I have known persons compelled to leave a spot they loved do so even earlier than was necessary, either from an irrational desire to be—so far—independent of fate, or because the hour of farewell seemed to be insupportable.

An article in *Blackwood*, “On Acquired Facial Expression,” is well worth reading. Some people have a good deal of “face” which is not acquired, but natural to them; they may derive it from their ancestors, but let us hope they do not catch it from living people. The writer of the paper seems to make too much of “unconscious imitation of expression,” and advocates the popular notion that husbands and wives grow alike. It is much more likely that one merely suggests the other to the beholder from the association of ideas. His notion that the looks of our daughters may be influenced for good or bad by those of their governesses seems certainly overstrained. If this were generally believed it would be very hard upon young persons seeking educational situations without good looks; even a plain cook might have a deleterious influence on the family if its members frequented the kitchen. “Few people,” we are told, “can keep their countenances”; but that is a vague term: you may tell a most excellent joke to a good many people without their moving a muscle. The phrase, “He gives way to his feelings,” again, is instanced as a proof of how “the motor nervous impulse” is set agoing; but I have known a man wear an unruffled countenance when he is all the time swearing softly to himself. People pride themselves on this North-American-Indian command of feature, but not on stolidity. I remember a whist-player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceedingly, and applied to his partner for a refutation of it; but he was only still more irritated by his form of corroboration, “that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever.” The writer of the article in question in his pursuit of his favourite science spares neither sex nor age. He takes note of a young lady in a railway-carriage whose face, after parting from her lover, emits dimples of delight for twenty minutes. “I could almost guess the nature of her thoughts,” he says; but I doubt that. They were pleasant ones, no doubt, but who can tell what she was congratulating herself about? She might be the most innocent, but also the most designing of women! He is on safer ground when dealing with the old lady who is so solicitous about her luggage; but it is not a nice trait in him to feel tempted to tell her that it has gone wrong (when it hasn’t) for the sake of watching her facial development. Like all physiognomists this writer does not, as it seems to me, make sufficient allowance for habit. It is much easier to evolve the character of the old from the expression of their countenance than of the young.

From the advertisement columns of a Massachusetts newspaper I cull this flower: “Love-letters written. Graceful, elegant, poetical: right to the point. Two dollars each. Box 212.” In Italy, of course, this is a common trade; but among the Anglo-Saxon race it has been hitherto unknown. In country places in England the parson of the parish is sometimes asked to act as amanuensis to those whose education has been neglected, but he is not asked to write love-letters. It would—for one thing—be exceedingly compromising to employ him in such an office, almost like putting up the banns. Such a vehicle would not lend itself easily to the language of passion. Some philosophers have announced themselves as content to “go wooing in their boys”; but even they would hardly like to do it—though their intentions were

ever so honourable—*per* a clergyman. With a professional letter-writer of this kind, however, one would have no more scruples than in buying a valentine; and it would preserve one from the possible contingency of having one’s letters jeered at in a law court. “Those are not my words, my lud; I paid half a crown for them; the kisses are red wafers and cost threepence apiece; the words ‘my duck of diamonds’ were suggested to me, and I have not the least idea of their meaning. I said, ‘Make it as sweet as you like,’ so that the matter was out of my hands.” It is possible the law might be strained—if the girl were pretty—to catch the man, but this system would give him a better chance. Moreover, it opens a new profession to persons who have failed in other branches of literature. One knows many people who, according to their own account (and surely they ought to know) write “gracefully, poetically, and elegantly,” and yet remain rejected contributors. This very occupation might give them available “copy.” If the experiences of a detective, of a doctor, and even of a monthly nurse find favour with magazine editors, how much more attractive would be the “Recollections of a Love-Letter Writer”! It would be a breach of confidence, of course, but that can be no objection, or where would be our biographies?

The statement that “nothing is now sacred with us” can hardly receive greater confirmation than from the fact that that fine old British institution, the Dinner Party, has been attacked by the *Spectator*. If an enemy—some *Star* or *Sun*—had lifted up its voice against it, there would have been no wonder, but an onslaught from such a quarter is serious. It is, indeed, true that in these dyspeptic days a great dinner is a great evil to many of us, and that the new feature of making champagne the only wine has very little attraction indeed for those who cannot drink champagne at all. But the idea of entertaining people at all except at dinner is too revolutionary to contemplate. The sort of company one meets at five-o’clock teas—what used to be vulgarly termed “muffin-worries”—may be fashionable, but the conversation is of the kind described by Charley’s Aunt as “d—d silly.” Breakfasts, indeed, had at one time a great literary reputation, but they were never really popular: they upset you for the day. Suppers, thanks to the late hours that have so long been growing upon us, are now, in fact, our dinners. Food—and really good food—we must have; low living and high thinking may be very well, but these attractions appeal to a very small class of the community; why not have “little dinners,” such as Walker (of the *Original*) has so well described, instead of our enormous feasts, from which all but gluttons “drop off gorged” before they are over? Half the people, and half the dishes, would improve much more than half our dinner parties: but as for the hope that the *Spectator* seems to entertain that we should thereby be enabled to stop for a longer period in the drawing-room, I believe it to be illusory. A conversation suits some people, the most cultured, perhaps, but not the most intelligent, and certainly not the most genial. To speak the truth—brutal as it may seem to all well constituted minds—what empties the drawing-room nowadays is the smoking room. It is not the meat-offering or the drink-offering that is most grateful to the idol Man, but the smoke-offering; and that he will have at all costs.

The best story in Lady Granville’s excellent “Letters” is that of the gentleman who would show everybody over his farm, and meeting a poor Welshman whose face he did not recollect, asked him if he would like to see it. The man immediately took to his heels, exclaiming, “Hurs has seen it! Hurs has seen it!” It was one of those cases where to run is the true courage, and this son of “gallant little Wales” is worthy of all honour. For how few of us under similar circumstances have the pluck to say, “Hurs has seen it!” It is not only farms that these proprietors are proud of, and desirous to make you acquainted with in every particular, but a dozen other hobbies. The taking you round the stables after breakfast is a terrible ordeal we are exposed to in country houses. Hardly less oppressive than the sportsman is the student who insists upon our exploring that particular branch of his library which we ourselves care nothing about: the rows of “first editions” of books that were never worth printing, the volumes of priceless postage stamps for which we would not give one halfpenny apiece. Then there is the travelled bore, who, after you have escaped his descriptions by pretending familiarity with the places described, will instance some church or fountain in some hole and corner or another which, if you have not visited you have missed the thing most worth seeing in all Europe. How one would like to take to one’s heels, crying “Hurs has seen it!” like that noble Welshman! There are some things that it is better to have heard (and have done with) than even to have seen—as when a poet, for example, insists upon reciting one of his own compositions. It is Greville, I think, who complains that at a literary breakfast party he was compelled to listen to the second part of Frere’s “Whistlecraft” read aloud by the author. He had never heard the first part, and thought the infliction on that account even greater than it was, though in my opinion he was so far fortunate; but what would he have given to have been able to tear out of that breakfast-room with “Hurs has read it! Hurs has read it!” I am in great hopes that this excellent story will henceforth serve as a defensive social weapon, much as the cry of “A chestnut, a chestnut!” is used in America. It may not be true in every case that “Hurs” has seen or heard this or that, but a little duplicity is sometimes pardonable, especially when it conveys a moral lesson. Even a poet, manuscript in hand, would perceive that he had been outraging the laws of hospitality if his guest fled from the room shrieking Welsh.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The debate on the Duke of Coburg’s annuity will always be memorable for the tumultuous loyalty which surged in the bosom of Lord Randolph Churchill. Never has the monarchy had a more impetuous defender. I don’t think Lord Randolph said half he wanted to say. His articulation was encumbered by his emotion, which also played havoc with his vocabulary. The House had never before heard the verb “to towel,” meaning to inflict chastisement. Lord Randolph congratulated Mr. Labouchere on the absence of Mr. Gladstone, who would have given the member for Northampton such a “towelling.” The phrase was rather bewildering. I had a momentary vision of Mr. Labouchere with his head all over soap-suds, and Mr. Gladstone armed with a very rough towel, rubbing that head with great energy. But even that vision paled before the actual wrath of Lord Randolph. How could anybody vote for Mr. A. C. Morton’s condemnation of the annuity? How could the Irish members vote for it? What did the great O’Connell say? He said, “The Queen, God bless her!” He also hoped she would have as many children as his grandmother. At this the Irish members shouted with mirth. Evidently, they did not see the bearing of O’Connell’s enthusiasm on the subject before the House, but Lord Randolph knew better. He knew that Irish patriot meant to imply that if the Queen should have as many children as his grandmother they ought all to have annuities. This, I believe, was the train of Lord Randolph’s reasoning. He was equally cogent in his reply to Mr. Storey. Had the honourable member ever invited the Queen to Sunderland? Mr. Storey was obliged to admit that he had not. Then more shame for him! Mr. Storey’s argument against the annuity, reduced from five-and-twenty thousand to ten thousand a year, by-the-way, was just as convincing. Mr. Hunter had said the Government must be supported because it was a question of keeping a contract. “Ah!” lamented Mr. Storey, with his air of a depressed Moses who never sees the Promised Land, “but the member for Aberdeen was thinking not of the question before the House, but of the fortunes of the Ministry and the mandate of the party Whip.” Mr. Storey is never influenced by these sordid considerations. He has a habit of voting against his leaders whenever they happen to be indubitably right, and nothing in the world will change his note of woe into a note of cordial adhesion. Aided by the Opposition the Government had an easy victory, though nearly seventy Radicals went into the lobby against them.

The debates on the Budget have strengthened the conviction of the Superlative Usher that he is a heaven-born financier. To Mr. Goschen’s very moderate criticism of the new financial proposals Sir William Harcourt replied in a spirit of turbulent exultation. He kept his colleagues and supporters bubbling with amusement, though it had a suspicious appearance sometimes of being directed at himself. Why did Mr. Goschen repudiate the principle of graduation of the death duties? Mr. Goschen meekly explained that he had done nothing of the kind. “Ha!” said the Superlative Usher, with his head on one side, “I see! Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.” This was not Sir William’s only quotation. He had some lines from an Italian poet, which were received by the House with that air of thoughtful acquiescence which men assume when they hear something in a language they do not understand. I think it was Italian; at any rate, it was quite clear to Sir William that the poet, whoever he was, had foreseen the downfall of Mr. Goschen. To the Chancellor of the Exchequer this was the long-looked-for moment when he had his old adversary on the hip. Here was his Budget, the outcome of that mental toil to which, as he told the scoffing member for West Birmingham a night or two earlier, he had devoted all his powers for the public service. This Budget was the successful darling of his ambition, and to crown his joy, Mr. Goschen dare not attack it! On this intoxicating thought Sir William spent a whole speech. Mr. Goschen had reviewed the Budget from the standpoint of high finance, “But why all this carping criticism,” cried the happy parent of the scheme, “if you don’t mean to oppose anything?” True, the right honourable gentleman had pointed out that there might be no surplus at all if the new beer and spirit duties were imposed for only one year; “but if he will help us to make them perpetual,” said Sir William, “I shall be delighted to reflect on his suggestion.” Then Sir William read an extract from an amusing speech which some licensed victualler had made at Glasgow, and then he remembered that he had an entertaining document in his box, if he could only lay his hands on it. This proved to be a tabulated statement of the retail profits on spirits in different quarters of London, showing that rum, for example, yielded over one hundred per cent. profit in Bethnal Green and over two hundred per cent. in Piccadilly. Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer had a little fun out of the letters U. P., which he assumed, with a chuckle, to mean “under proof.” Never did a financier enjoy himself so much. Sir William’s beaming contentment survived even the caustic remark of Mr. Balfour that the business of a man in Sir William Harcourt’s position was to answer serious criticism, and not to make a lot of jokes. Nothing could disturb the Superlative Usher’s happy confidence that he had produced the best Budget and made the most unanswerable speech of modern times.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

On Thursday, April 19, in the town of Coburg, one of the residences of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria and of the late Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha, the marriage took place between two of our Queen's grandchildren—namely, the Grand Duke of Hesse, son of the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Princess Victoria Melita, one of the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. The Queen, her grandson the German Emperor William II., his mother, the German Empress Frederick, Princess Royal of Great Britain, the Russian Czarévitch, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and other princes and princesses, attended these nuptials, which were solemnised at the Schloss Ehrenburg, the Ducal Palace of Coburg.

The civil marriage was performed privately at eleven o'clock in the apartments of the Queen. Soon after that hour the company began to assemble in the chapel. The officers of the 1st Dragoon Guards, the Queen's guard of honour, were conspicuous by their handsome light-blue uniforms. Lord Tweedmouth was present in the Windsor uniform. Another conspicuous figure was Mr. Hugo Wemyss, a member of the British suite, who was attired in full Highland costume. At ten minutes to twelve the band stationed in the courtyard played the German National Anthem, while Court Chaplain Müller, from Darmstadt, and five local clergymen came to the altar. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg, in widow's weeds, attended by six ladies in deep mourning, sat in the little private gallery of the chapel.

At half-past twelve o'clock, Prince von Ratibor, Grand Marshal of the Court, attended by the other marshals and officials, appeared at the entrance to the chapel, and gave

Princess Aribert of Anhalt. All now awaited the arrival of the bride, who presently entered, leaning on the arm of her father.

and Princess Feodora of Meiningen. Here, then, were grouped in state array four generations of the British royal house, Princess Feodora, daughter of the Empress Frederick's eldest daughter, being Queen Victoria's great-grandchild.

After an anthem had been sung by the choir, the marriage ceremony was proceeded with. It began with an address to the bride and bridegroom by Dr. Müller. The marriage service was read by the Darmstadt Court Chaplain, assisted by a local clergyman, and, the usual questions having been addressed to the bride and bridegroom, Dr. Müller then took from the table the rings, which were exchanged with the usual formality. Next he laid the bride's hand in that of the bridegroom, and placed his own hand over theirs, the other officiating clergymen doing likewise. The venerable Court Chaplain invoked a blessing upon the young couple, and, after reciting the Lord's Prayer, pronounced the Benediction.

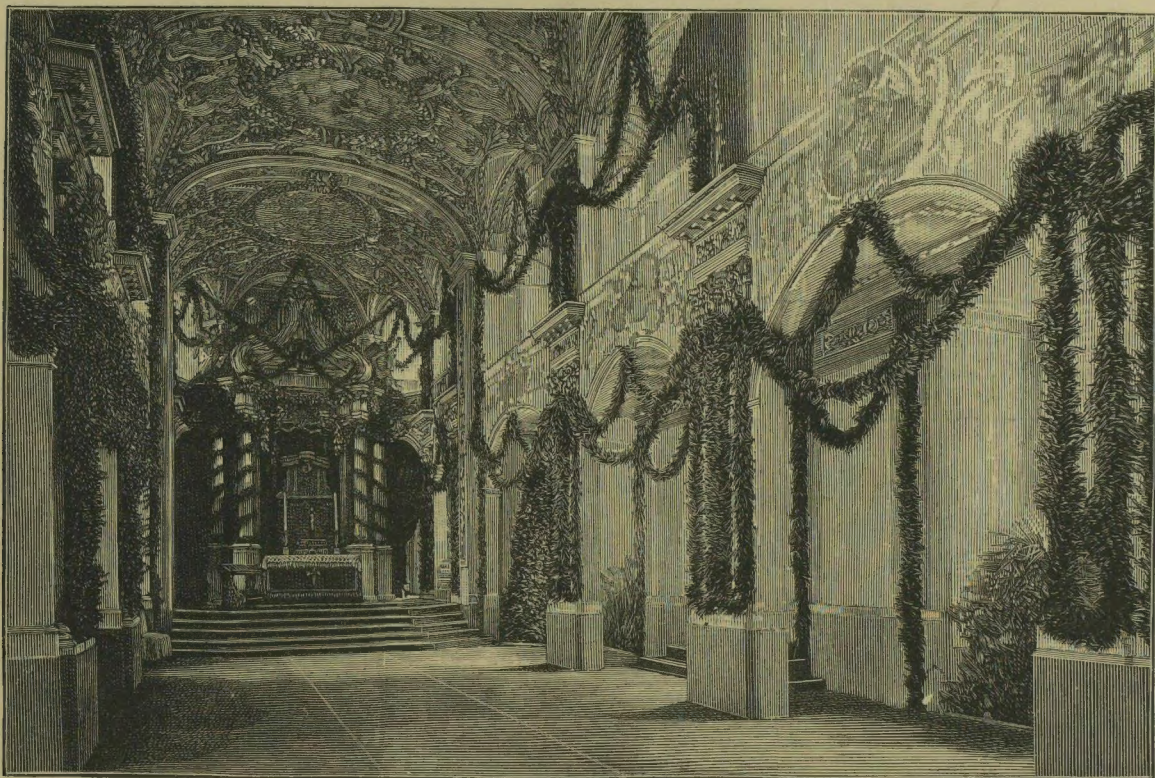
The service being now concluded, the bride was led down the altar-steps by her husband. After they had both embraced the principal members of the wedding party the procession was re-formed and the guests left the chapel, the organ meanwhile playing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

The wedding breakfast was laid out in the Throne Room. At half-past three o'clock a carriage, beautifully decked with flowers, took the young couple to the railway-station; and when, after affectionate leave-takings, they entered the carriage showers of rice were thrown over them from the steps, the foremost in observing this traditional custom being the Emperor William, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught. The carriage drove off amid tumultuous "Hochs!" from the assembled populace, the royal party following the carriage into the courtyard.

All along the route to the station the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse were greeted with the acclamations of the people. The saloon carriage in the special train which conveyed them to Darmstadt was profusely decorated with flowers. As the train left there were renewed outbursts of cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. It was then a quarter to four in the afternoon. The newly married couple, on arriving at Darmstadt, went to Kranichstein, a country residence of the Grand Duke, four miles from the town.



FESTIVITIES IN THE STREETS OF COBURG.

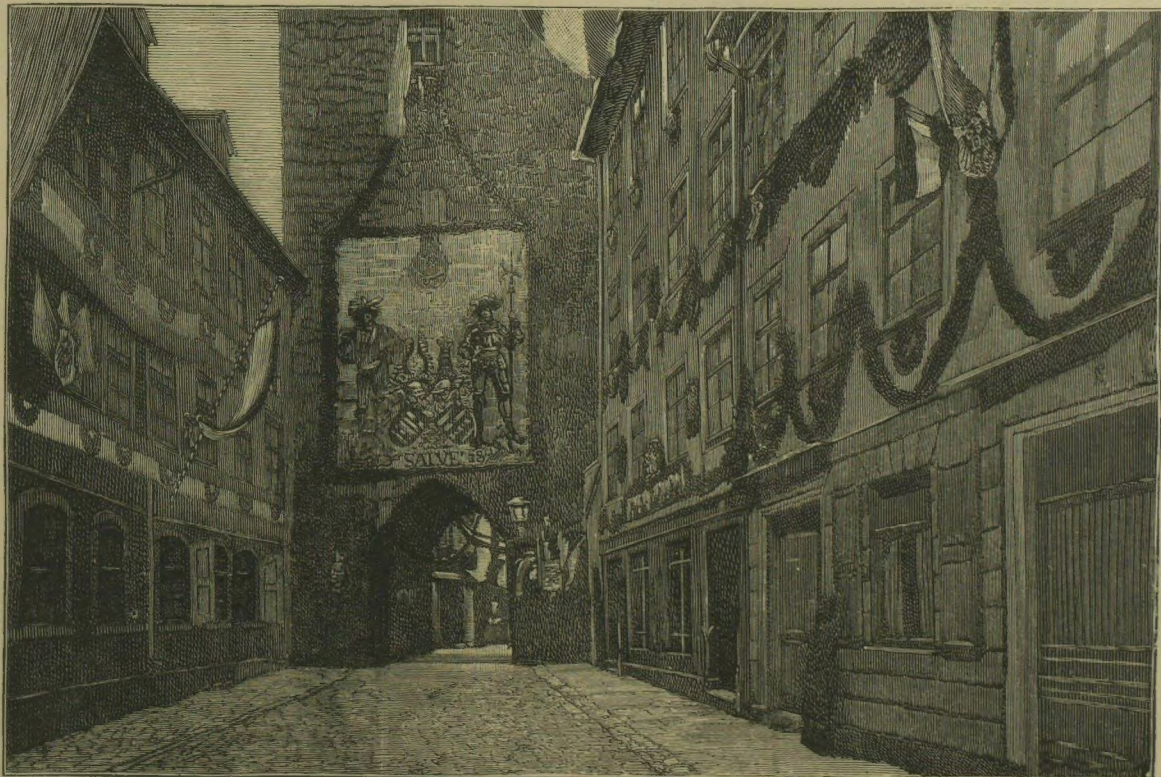


THE CHAPEL DECORATED FOR THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

three taps on the floor with his wand of office. This was preliminary to the entrance of the procession of guests. First came the German Emperor in the uniform of a Hessian general, leading the Duchess of Coburg. Next walked the Empress Frederick, alone. Behind the Empress came the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the 1st Dragoon Guards (Queen Victoria's Own), walking side by side with the Czarévitch, who wore the uniform of the Hussars of the Russian Guard. A long train of other princes and princesses followed, and took up their positions, the latter being seated, but the former standing. The organ meanwhile played a voluntary. After a few minutes' interval, Prince Ratibor, who had retired, again appeared at the door, heralding the approach of the bridegroom and his best man. As the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince William of Hesse passed before the Empress Frederick, both saluted her by kissing her hand. The bridegroom wore the same uniform as the Emperor William—namely, that of a Hessian general, with helmet and red and white plumes. After a further pause, the Court Marshal for the third time appeared in the doorway, preceding the Queen, who entered leaning on the arm of the Duke of Coburg, and was conducted by him to a gilded chair in the centre of the first row of seats. Her Majesty wore the broad blue riband of the Garter, and carried on her head a crown of diamonds.

The grouping of the royal party was now complete. In the first row, to the right of the altar, was the Emperor William, with the Queen on his right hand and the Duchess of Coburg on his left. To the left of the altar were the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, and the Czarévitch. In the second row were the Duke of Connaught, Princess Henry of Prussia, Princess Ferdinand of Roumania, Prince Alfred, the Grand Duke Vladimir, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Grand Duchess Sergius. In the third and fourth rows were the Grand Duke Sergius, Princess Alix of Hesse, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, the Duchess of Connaught, the Grand Duke Paul, Princess Alexandra, Prince and Princess Philip of Coburg, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her husband, and Prince and

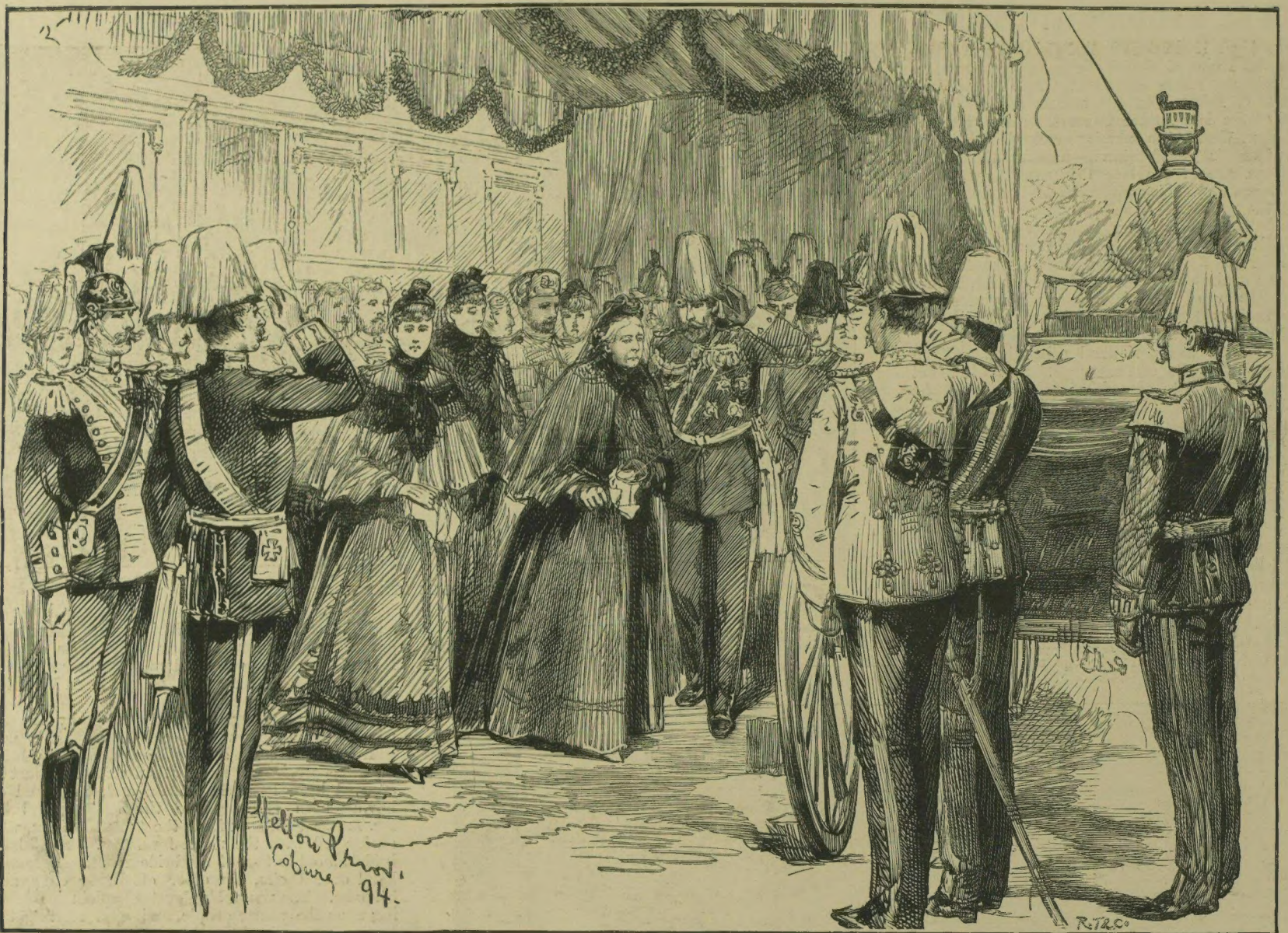
The bride and bridegroom at once took up their positions in front of the altar. Immediately behind the former were the two youthful bridesmaids, Princess Beatrice of Coburg



A STREET IN COBURG.

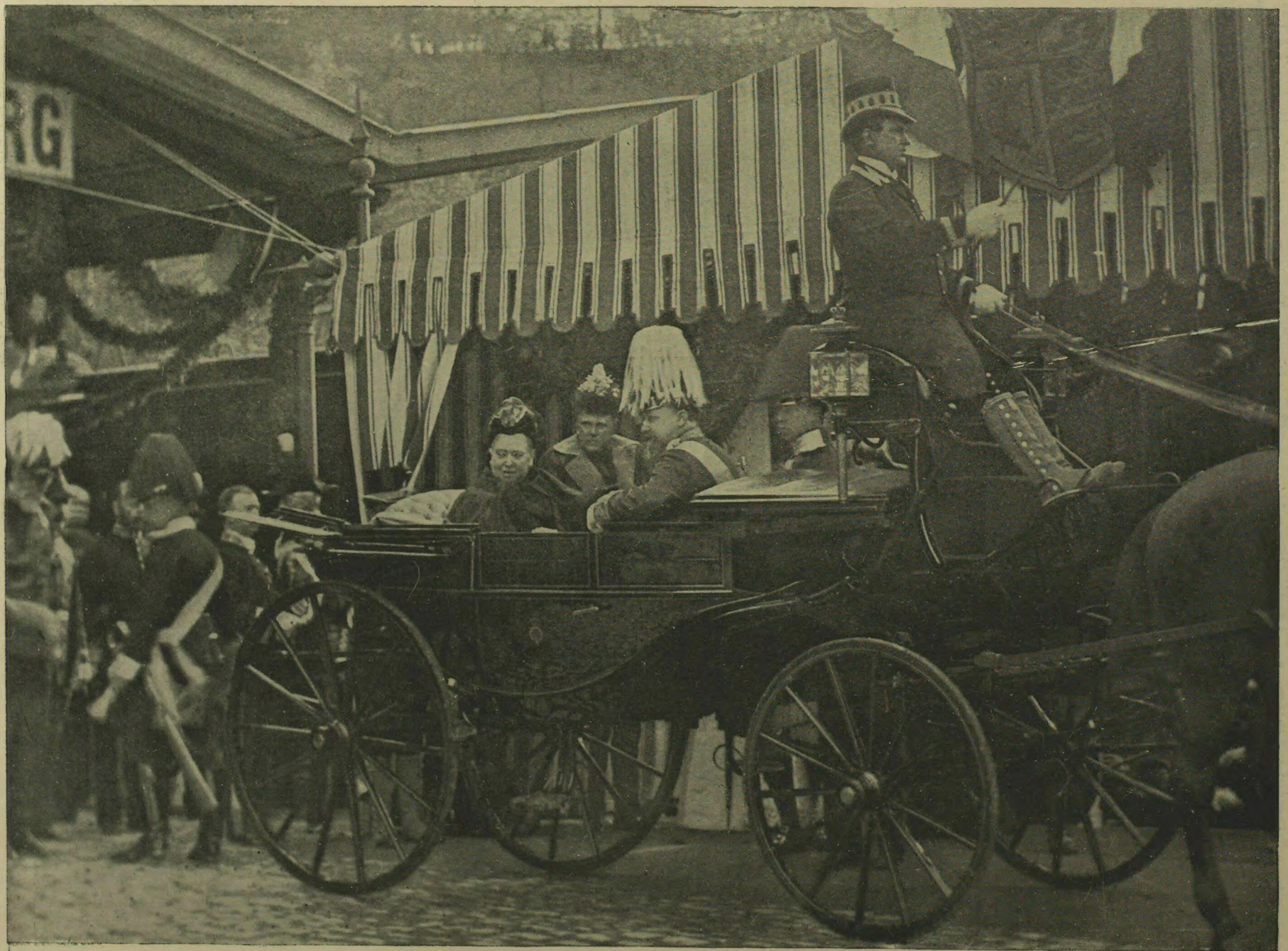
From Photos by our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.



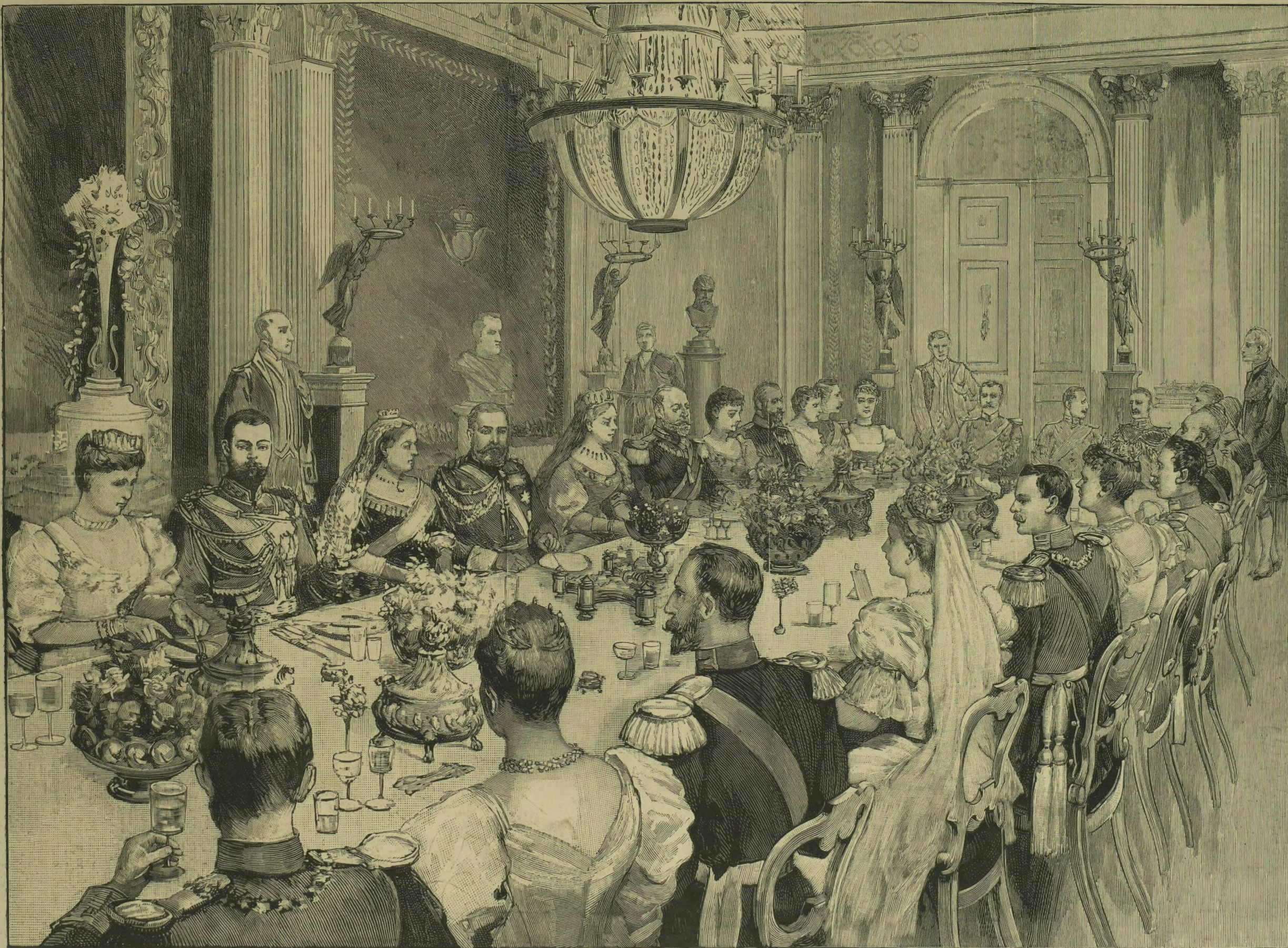
ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Sketched by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF COBURG, AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

From a Photo by our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE WEDDING BREAKFAST IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE CASTLE OF EHRENBURG, APRIL 19, 1894.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

PERSONAL.

The Church of England owes so much to those who work her foreign missionary agencies that changes in their secretariat are always of importance. Many who know the headquarters of the Church Missionary Society will regret to learn that the senior secretary, the Rev. Christopher C. Fenn, has resigned his office. Mr. Fenn was a scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, and came out in the First Class of the Classical Tripos in 1846. He was for a few years Curate of Ockbrook, Derbyshire; but in 1851 he joined the C.M.S., and went out to Ceylon. Leaving that field in 1863, he became, in the following year, one of the society's secretaries at headquarters. Mr. Fenn's geniality and courtesy, combined with a thorough knowledge of affairs and a sound judgment, have enabled him to render very essential service to the society. Mr. Fenn is to read a paper before the Anglican Missionary Conference next month.

Glasgow has hitherto prided itself on being an art-centre, and there is even a Glasgow school of notable artists. What do these gentlemen think of the conduct of the local police in prohibiting the exhibition of engravings from pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Arthur Hacker? It seems good to the Glasgow Dogberry to declare these works unfit for the public eye, and his arbitrary action is sustained by vehement rhetoric in the local pulpits. There is a good deal of mother-wit in Glasgow, and it ought to be strong enough to save the city from the reproach of such officious ignorance. Otherwise we shall

baldness. A surgeon attributes the loss of hair to the conventional silk hat, which presses against the head, and by injuring the blood-vessels, checks the growth of luxuriant locks and finally withers them. Some acrimony has been shown about the question whether bald men are to be found in lunatic asylums. The whole subject has a sociological interest which might worthily occupy the attention of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

There are only two dramatic authors who can make masterful speeches in front of the curtain. One is Mr. Oscar Wilde, whose oratory on a famous occasion remains a monument of unabashed assurance. The other is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has a happy knack of putting himself on good terms with the most vociferous and unfriendly "god." When Mr. Shaw came before the curtain after the first performance of "Arms and the Man" at the Avenue, somebody in the gallery greeted him with prolonged "booing." "I agree with that gentleman," remarked Mr. Shaw with great readiness, "but what are two of us against a whole theatre?" The "god" was unequal to any rejoinder, though he has probably meditated many impromptus since.

Professor Goldwin Smith, who witnessed Mr. Shaw's play, has set out for his Canadian home, taking with him an amusing reminiscence of the latest development of Fabian genius. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who carries his seventy years very lightly, lately received a proposal from an American journal to join in a literary symposium

and eventually requested Lord Stanley to "keep the point downwards." No doubt it was unloaded, but you cannot feel any confidence in a pistol, even when there is nothing in it. It was the accidental explosion of a toy pistol which very nearly gave Mr. Laurence Irving his quietus, and he still goes about with the bullet in him.

The death of Mr. Charles P. Smith, the esteemed secretary of the Guildhall School of Music, which occurred on April 18, has occasioned genuine regret among a wide circle of musical people. Mr. Smith had occupied his arduous post from the time the school was founded by the Corporation in 1880, and the zealous and conscientious manner in which he discharged his duties gained for him the friendship and respect of all who came in contact with him.

BETROTHAL OF THE CZAREVITCH.

Marrying and giving in marriage, the reigning Houses of Europe become wonderfully interlinked by family ties which, happily, in these times of settled national sovereignty are not likely to prove hereafter the source of disputed claims and wars of succession like those of two or three centuries ago. The heir to the imperial crown of Russia has prospects which no foreign matrimonial alliance could possibly strengthen, and is far above any temptation to seek aggrandisement for his descendants from connecting their lineage with even the most powerful of existing dynasties. That he should have chosen for his future bride



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH, CZAREVITCH OF RUSSIA.

PRINCESS VICTORIA ALIX OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

THE NEXT ROYAL WEDDING: BETROTHAL OF THE CZAREVITCH TO PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

Photo of the Czarevitch by Downey, Ebury Street; Photo of Princess Alix by Backofen, Darmstadt.

hear next that the police have cleared the public galleries of "objectionable" pictures, and are making domiciliary visits for the purpose of curing private citizens of a taste for art.

The arrest of Polti has been followed by that of his employer, an Italian named Farnara. This amiable person has talked very freely to the police about the bloodthirsty designs he would have executed if he had possessed money enough. He was going to kill Inspector Melville, and to blow up everybody in the Royal Exchange. He expressed the opinion that in three years there will not be a Government left standing in Europe. Rich people will all be blown up, and only Anarchists will be left supreme. There may be a good deal more bombast than mischief in this crazy nonsense, but it is certainly better that Farnara should be under lock and key, though he cannot be said to have shown any alarming astuteness in his choice of instruments.

A new and singular personality has arisen in America. Unknown to fame a month ago, Mr. Coxey is now the cynosure of civilised mankind. He proposes to direct the deliberations of Congress by assembling an industrial army from all quarters of the American Union, to encamp round the Capitol at Washington. Some of his forces have reached that city, but the greater part seem to be having difficulties of transport. They find it too far to walk, and the railway companies decline to carry them for nothing. So there is trouble brewing, and the Governor of Nebraska has called out the militia. Mr. Coxey appears to have a Napoleonic genius of conception, but not much command of detail.

An instructive discussion is raging in one of our contemporaries as to the causes and moral significance of

on the subject of longevity. His partners in this exercise were to be Mr. Gladstone and Li-Hung-Chang. Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks that longevity is best cultivated by working mostly in the morning and not at night. That system is happily possible at Toronto. It would be equally easy to Professor Goldwin Smith at Oxford, where if there were always fitness in the eternal scheme of things he ought now to be living. However, he has given us a charming little book about the University of which he is one of the most distinguished sons.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood is believed to be writing his memoirs. Few men have so copious a store of interesting material, and Mr. Greenwood's autobiography ought to prove one of the most illustrative works of its kind that the present generation has seen.

Among Herr Meyer Lutz's reminiscences is one which is surely unique. He relates that in his early days he used to form an entire orchestra in his own person. The only instruments were a piano and a harmonium, and he played both. One evening the harmonium was half a note lower than the piano, and Herr Lutz, who was playing the one instrument with his left hand and the other with his right, felt it to be his duty to hiss himself. Such an expression of outraged self-respect must be without a parallel.

Pistols are unnerving things, even when they are only toy pistols and are used merely for the purpose of illustration. Two of them made a notable appearance in the House of Lords the other evening during the debate on the Pistols Bill. Lord Stanley of Alderley flourished one of them, and told his audience that it had actually injured a small boy who was at that moment in the House as a visitor. Lord Salisbury watched the pistol with some nervousness,

the youngest sister of a German Grand Duke, whose territories are small, with a population less than the hundredth part of the number of Russian subjects, but whose ancestry is so estimable as that of the Princesses of Hesse-Darmstadt, and whose position is so well guaranteed by the constitution of the German Empire, is rather a fresh pledge for the continuance of peace on the Continent. Nor can it be otherwise than agreeable to our own nation, which already sees the Russian throne shared by Alexander III. with the sister of our Princess of Wales, to look forward to the same imperial dignity being enjoyed, at some future day, by a granddaughter of our Queen. We earnestly hope that friendly and even cordial relations with Russia may long be maintained both by Germany and by Great Britain.

His Imperial Highness, Nicholas Alexandrovitch, Hereditary Grand Duke and Czarevitch of Russia, eldest child of the Emperor Alexander III. and of the Empress Marie Feodorovna, formerly Princess Dagmar of Denmark, was born at St. Petersburg on May 18, 1868, and will therefore soon be twenty-six years of age. Her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alix Victoria Helena Louise Beatrix, youngest daughter of the late Grand Duke Louis IV. of Hesse and of her Royal Highness the late Grand Duchess Alice, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, is in her twenty-second year, having been born at Darmstadt on June 6, 1872. Several pleasing and affecting anecdotes of her childhood are related in the published memoirs and letters of her mother, whose death was so much lamented in England and in Germany, and whose virtues are universally acknowledged. It is our sincere desire that Princess Alix and her future husband, the heir to one of the greatest empires in the world, may in their united lives enjoy the fullest happiness in their exalted station.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, remaining at Coburg a few days after the wedding, on Thursday, April 19, of her grandchildren, Princess Victoria Melita and the Grand Duke of Hesse, was accompanied by her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and other members of the royal family. The German Emperor William, her grandson, left Coburg for Eisenach on Saturday afternoon, April 21; and so did the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on their return to England. On Sunday evening the Prince of Wales also left Coburg to return home. The Czarevitch and Princess Alix of Hesse, whose betrothal to each other at Coburg was announced by the German Emperor on Friday morning, went on Sunday afternoon to Darmstadt, with the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, to inform the Grand Duke of Hesse that this happy engagement had been made. They returned to Coburg next day.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, on Friday, April 20, unveiled the medallion of Jenny Lind in Westminster Abbey, and on Saturday afternoon opened, at Westminster Townhall, the third "At Home" of a society called "The Children's Salon," in aid of a fund to endow a children's cot in the North-West London Hospital at Kentish Town.

The Duchess of Teck, on April 18, opened a bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Great Northern Central Hospital in Holloway Road, where she was met by the Duke of York, president of that benevolent institution.

The Duchess of Albany, on Saturday, April 21, presented, at Exeter Hall, the prizes and certificates gained by girls at the evening homes of the Factory Helpers' Union.

A Cabinet Council was held in Downing Street on April 20, when all the Ministers were present except Lord Tweedmouth, who was with the Queen at Coburg. There was another Cabinet Council on Monday, April 23.

Mr. Mundella, on April 20, received at the Board of Trade a deputation from the Mining Association of Great Britain with regard to certain grievances of colliery proprietors in connection with railway rates. He said the Board of Trade wished to insure that any enhanced rate or cost of carriage should be subjected to revision by the Board or the Railway Commission.

The Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire as to the desirability of taking measures to bring the action of the Charity Commission more completely under the control of Parliament has held its first sittings. Sir H. Longley, Chief Commissioner, was the chief witness to begin with.

The Royal National Life-boat Institution, on April 21, held its annual meeting in St. Martin's Town Hall. The Duke of Westminster presided. The report stated that the institution's fleet now consisted of 303 life-boats; that 597 lives had been saved and 27 vessels rescued from destruction during the past year; that the subscriptions and donations had amounted to £56,673, and the total expenditure to £83,035. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Earl Spencer, the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Morley, and the Lord Mayor.

The jubilee meeting of the Ragged School Union, on Friday, April 20, in the Queen's Hall, was presided over by Earl Compton, and Princess Christian was present; Lord Brassey and Sir T. F. Buxton took part in the proceedings.

The Lord Mayor of London, on April 18, entertained the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England and a large number of other guests at the Mansion House. Among those present were M. Decrais (the French Ambassador), Mr. David Powell (Governor of the Bank of England), the Earl of Denbigh, and Sir J. Lubbock.

On Monday, April 23, the Lord Mayor gave a banquet to celebrate St. George's Day. His guests included the American Ambassador, the Canadian High Commissioner, Sir Charles Tupper, Lord Knutsford, Lord Reay, Cardinal Vaughan, and General Sir Evelyn Wood.

The annual meeting of the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League was held at the Westminster Townhall on April 18, the Duke of Abercorn presiding. It was stated that the membership of the league was increasing at the rate of over 1000 per week.

The secretary of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association has issued a letter to the members inviting them to sign a form intimating their withdrawal from the giving of religious instruction in the schools of the London School Board until the recent circular with regard to religious instruction shall have been unreservedly withdrawn.

The Mining Association of Great Britain, representing the coalowners of England, Scotland, and Wales, has issued a document embodying ten reasons for opposing the Miners' Eight Hours Bill.

The seventh annual dinner of Devonians in London took place on April 21 at the Freemasons' Tavern. Mr. Justice Kekewich occupied the chair, and among the other speakers were the Earl of Portsmouth, Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Halsbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., and Lord Poltimore.

France is not declining, apparently, either in public spirit or in economic prosperity; as the subscription, on April 21, at the Hôtel de Ville of Paris, for the new municipal loan of 200 million francs, was covered eighty-five times over, the crowd of applicants beginning to

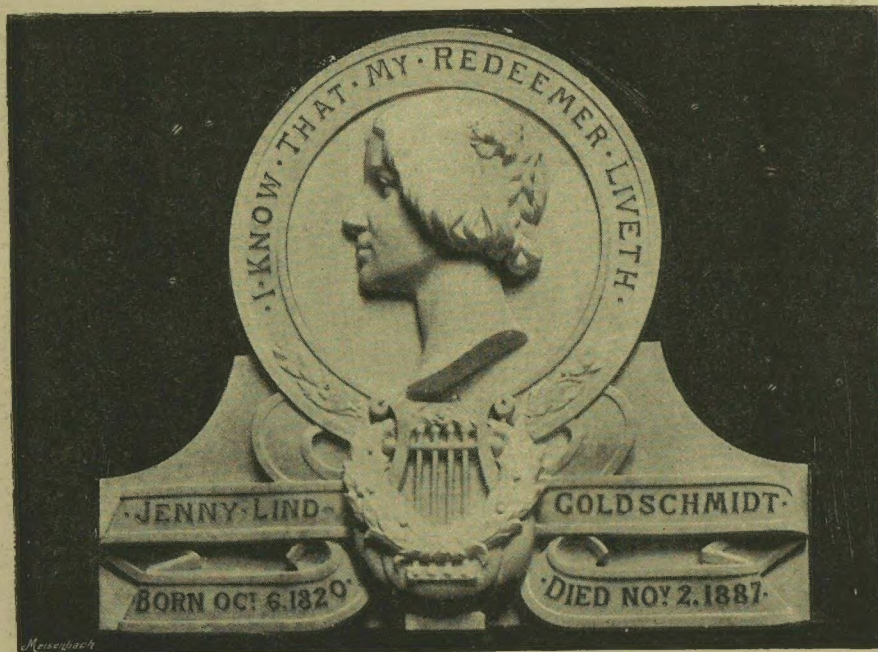
assemble at the closed doors about two o'clock in the morning. This loan is raised by Two-and-a-Half per Cent. bonds of 400f., issued at 340f., and was quoted on Saturday afternoon at 13f. premium. All the former loans have been at 3 per cent., but the Paris Municipality now profits by the general fall in the rate of interest. As the 1886 loan, issued at 376f. per 400f. bond, is now quoted at 418f., notwithstanding the periodical drawings for redemption at par, the new loan might evidently have been issued with a certainty of success at a slightly higher price than 340f. The 200 millions are to be devoted to water supply and other improvements.

A thanksgiving service for the first step in the beatification of Joan of Arc was held on April 20 at Notre Dame. It began with Gounod's prelude to the Joan of Arc mass. After vespers Cardinal Richard took up his position by the statue of the Virgin Mary, and a Catholic committee presented to him a banner similar to that borne by Joan of Arc. Father Feuillette, a Dominican, delivered an eloquent sermon. The Russian Ambassador, the Papal Nuncio, and other foreign Ministers were present.

Prince Bismarck has been visited at Friedrichsruh by a number of members of the National Liberal party in the Reichstag. He made a long speech, and he dwelt upon the necessity of reform in the imperial finances, of help to agriculture, and of combined resistance to Social Democracy by the parties loyal to the State.

The Khedive of Egypt, on Sunday, April 22, opened an exhibition of national art and industry at Alexandria. He was accompanied by his Ministers, Lord Cromer, Sir E. Palmer, Mukhtar Pasha, and the foreign diplomatic representatives.

Severe shocks of earthquake, on April 20 and two following days, visited the parts of Greece to the north of Athens. They were especially violent in the provinces of Thessaly and Phocis; Thebes has been reduced to ruins, Atalanti and Chalcis have suffered very much, and many villages are said to be totally destroyed. In Athens no serious damage has been done, though the shocks have been frequent. The total number of lives lost is stated to



THE JENNY LIND MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SCULPTOR, THE LATE MR. C. B. BIRCH, A.R.A.

be 129. The Government is taking active measures for the relief of the sufferers, and King George has gone to visit the distressed districts.

In the United States of America a general strike of colliers engaged in bituminous coal mines has begun throughout the larger part of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Illinois, Tennessee, and part of Virginia. About eighty thousand men are on strike. The reports from Iowa, Kansas, Colorado, and the Kanawha district of Virginia indicate that the colliers in those parts continue working, though they will not work full time. The Indiana and Missouri colliers, who recently participated in the trouble in the Pennsylvania coke district, are solicited by the Mine Workers' Union agents to strike; also those in the Pennsylvania anthracite coal district. The markets are now congested with unsold coal.

Another labour disturbance in America is represented by a numerous "industrial army" of social and political agitators, calling themselves "Coxey's Commonwealth," divided into local bands travelling about, with the declared intention to assemble at Washington on May 1. Their object is to urge Congress to pass Bills authorising the issue of non-interest-bearing bonds, and also the immediate issue of five hundred millions of Treasury notes for division among the various States to enable them to make good roads, and thus to give work to all the unemployed.

At Council Bluffs, in Nebraska, on April 20, five thousand of Coxey's Commonwealth Army, led by a Mr. Kelly, took possession of the railway bridge, their plan being to seize the next train, and to compel the company to carry them to Chicago. The company got a police force to protect the premises, the engines, and the trains. There was a stubborn fight, but we do not hear of any men being killed. The Governor of Nebraska has ordered the mobilisation of the entire militia force of the State.

In Australia, it seems, the bushrangers of New South Wales are not yet wholly extinct. The other day, two men, wearing masks, entered a bank at Barraba, a small township in the Darling district, and shot the manager, a Mr. Mackay, dead, on his refusal to surrender to them the money in his possession. They rode off, and have not been captured.

MUSIC.

The Mottl concert was a great success. Never since it was opened has the Queen's Hall held so much "money" or so brilliant an audience. In every way in their power did the Wagnerian devotees strive to do honour to the famous conductor from Karlsruhe and Bayreuth. Above all, they took care to be in their places betimes, so that the first bar of the overture to "Rienzi" began amid breathless silence and an assemblage very nearly *au grand complet*. The band, consisting of 102 players, had been carefully selected by Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius (whose experience in getting "scratch" orchestras together now dates back a good many years), and as a body it had a fair right to be considered representative of the best London talent. Moreover, short as the time had been, it had given Herr Felix Mottl just sufficient opportunity to make his ideas clear and impress his individuality upon the execution of music in which every good orchestral player must now be tolerably note-perfect. The result was a highly interesting series of "readings," coupled with a sonority of tone and a general refinement and intelligence of style such as only a conductor of exceptional gifts could have brought forth from absolutely strange material within the same limited period. Hans Richter achieved something of the kind with the gigantic band of the Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall in 1877, and again with his own newly formed orchestra at St. James's Hall a year or two later. Herr Mottl justified his reputation, therefore, by following so closely and creditably in his renowned confrère's footsteps, and well merited the rapturous ovations bestowed upon him by his enthusiastic auditors.

At the Philharmonic Concert, which took place in the same hall two nights later (Thursday, April 19), it struck us that Dr. Mackenzie was on his mettle. He worked harder than we have ever seen him work before, giving at least a dozen "cues" and indications where he used to give only one, and wielding the baton, as the phrase goes, with a liveliness and swing quite unlike the ordinary subdued beat of the Scottish musician. "Why this sudden ebullition?" was the question naturally asked; and, not unnaturally either, there came the suggestion in reply that the Philharmonic conductor had determined that native talent should not be overshadowed by the triumphs of the distinguished visitor of the previous Tuesday. Be this as it may, it is certain that Dr. Mackenzie did not labour in vain. Without pursuing unnecessary comparisons, let us say that the performance of Berlioz's "King Lear" overture, which the Philharmonic orchestra now attacked for the first time, might fairly have elicited equal applause at Karlsruhe—where Herr Mottl goes in extensively for Berlioz—while the rendering of Beethoven's B flat symphony, No. 4, was most excellent, notably on the part of the finest body of strings in Europe. Another very satisfactory piece of playing was that heard in Dr. Hubert Parry's overture "To an Unwritten Tragedy," a work brimming over with cleverness and picturesque charm, written for the Worcester Festival last year, and now performed for the first time in the Metropolis. The composer listened with evident approval and enjoyment, and afterwards bowed from the platform his thanks for a very hearty "call." It was at this concert that M. Sapellnikoff made his rentrée (notwithstanding the reports that he would not be allowed to leave Russia this season), giving a brilliant interpretation of the Schumann pianoforte concerto, and, for an encore, one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies." We preferred him, on the whole, in the latter.

Although there was no novelty in the programme of the last Crystal Palace concert of the series, plenty of interest could be discovered in Mr. Manns's selection for the day, seeing that it comprised Beethoven's ever-welcome C minor symphony, the "Tannhäuser" overture, and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's delightful overture to "Twelfth Night," which at Sydenham has for some time been elevated to the level of a classic. Apart from these works, which all went extremely well, there were Liszt's concerto in E flat, No. 1, and his transcriptions of Schubert's "Erl-King" and "Ave Maria," with that ideal Liszt-player, Madame Sophie Menter, for their exponent. The accomplished Bavarian pianist—she is sometimes spoken of as an Austrian, but is really a native of Munich—was in splendid form, and exhibited all her wonted command of technical resource and dashing vigour of execution. A favourable debut here was made by Miss Jessie Hudleston, who sang Mozart's "Deh vieni" and Goring Thomas's "A Memory," earning a recall in each instance.

JENNY LIND MEMORIAL.

The memorial tablet to Jenny Lind in Westminster Abbey was unveiled by Princess Christian on Friday morning, April 20, in the presence of a select gathering of old friends and admirers of the great singer. A small niche in the "arcading" of the south transept, by Poets' Corner, just beneath Roubiliac's well-known monument to Handel, was the spot appropriately chosen by Dean Bradley for the exquisitely chiselled medallion which formed Birch's last completed work. It could not have been better placed, nor could a more illustrious songstress have been named for the honour of being the first musical artist, other than a composer, whose lineaments have been exposed upon the walls of our ancient fane. Jenny Lind was not only distinguished in her art, but was a noble-hearted and charitable woman. The compliment thus bestowed is consequently gratifying in every sense. On the medallion are the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and they are also inscribed above upon the marble dedicated to the immortal composer himself. It was but fitting, therefore, that the unveiling ceremony should be accompanied by the sounds of that sublime air.



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN EMBRACING THE BRIDE AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY,

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior,



CHAPTER VII.

DOLLY CRADOCK.

Mrs. Mansfield was delighted to hear that her niece had already made acquaintance with Horace Trevor, and even more delighted when the circumstances under which the acquaintance had been formed were related to her.

"What in the world could have taken Horace to the National Gallery, of all places!" she ejaculated.

"I don't know; I quite forgot to inquire," answered Veronica. "Now that you mention it, I suppose it was rather an improbable spot for a man of his tastes to be discovered in; though, to be sure, he was not in the building itself. He was standing on the steps outside with a policeman and a number of others."

Mrs. Mansfield smiled and abstained from further interrogation. Without being an especially pious woman, she firmly believed in the constant intervention of an overruling Providence, and it seemed to her that Providence had taken this matter in hand.

Most providential also did it appear to her that from that day forth Veronica showed every disposition to be reasonable and tractable. At the outset there had been no sort of certainty that the girl would prove so; she had declined to discuss further arrangements, had spoken as though the question of her taking up her residence at Broxham were too remote to be worth considering, and had generally conveyed the impression that she meant to do just exactly what she might think fit—a tone which no girl with a properly qualified duenna ought to assume. But now, as Mrs. Mansfield was very glad to be able to inform Lord Chippenham, there were distinct signs of a change for the better.

"Everything is working out much more satisfactorily than one could have ventured to hope," she told her brother-in-law, about a week later. "It has been decided that I am to go down to Broxham with Veronica in the autumn, by which time, Mr. Walton says, she can take formal possession of the place; meanwhile, she is to stay on here as long as she likes. And I must say for her that she is not at all difficult to entertain. Perhaps I ought not to let her go about by herself quite as much as she does; but nowadays that sort of thing is the fashion, and it isn't as if there were the slightest fear of her coming to grief in any way."

"And what about our young friend Horace, who has already come to grief a good deal more than he has deserved?" inquired Lord Chippenham. "Is there any hope of his redeeming former false steps?"

"The very greatest hope, I should say," answered Mrs. Mansfield complacently. "He drops in, upon one pretext or another, almost every day, and Veronica and he talk together as if they had known one another all their lives. Oh, yes! I believe he is really smitten—though, between ourselves, I hardly expected



Both Veronica and Horace looked round, and the latter at once rose, holding out his hand.

such luck. Delightful as she is, and fond as I am of her, I can't call dear Veronica exactly pretty; and beauty—as you know as well as anyone—remains the one thing that men insist upon in women."

The experienced warrior chuckled and said, "Oh, we ain't so particular as all that; we can put up with trifling physical imperfections, if we are properly managed. Especially when it's a question of marriage, and when the lady has a substantial property of her own. Besides, I call Miss Veronica an exceedingly nice-looking girl myself."

Horace Trevor, as it happened, entertained a similar opinion, although Mrs. Mansfield would have been grievously disappointed if he had explained to her how it was that he came to be upon such excellent terms with her niece. He certainly could not and would not have paid such frequent visits to the house in South Audley Street, had there been a possibility of his motives being misconstrued by one of the ladies who dwelt there. As for the other, it was both agreeable and convenient to put her off the scent.

"I can't be thankful enough to you," he was pleased to tell Veronica, on one occasion, "for having taken the bull by the horns and said you would see me jolly well hanged before you would think of marrying me. If you hadn't done that, I should always have been afraid that you might suspect me of wanting to make up to you."

"Oh, I shouldn't have suspected you," returned Veronica, laughing. "You are not the sort of person about whom one could ever have suspicions—they would be certainties one way or the other. I doubt whether you have it in you to deceive an intelligent child of five years old."

"Oh, well, come! I'm deceiving Aunt Julia and the General, at all events," protested Horace, rather resenting this charge of obvious integrity.

But in truth he was about as honest and simple a young man as could have been found in England, and that was one reason why Veronica had conceived a strong liking for him. The more she saw and heard of him (and she kept her eyes and ears open) the more she became convinced that his prospects had been marred without legitimate excuse, and that he must, by some means or other, be reinstated in the position which was his of right. How this was to be contrived she could not yet determine; for she had reluctantly come to the conclusion that her original idea of retiring in his favour without more ado would have to be abandoned. She herself saw no reason why he should not accept a property that she did not want; but the objections to such a course appeared to be so cogent in his and everybody else's eyes that any further attempt to combat them would be a sheer waste of time. What she vaguely hoped for was that at some future date the transfer might be effected with less difficulty. All sorts of things might happen. She might, for instance, marry some rich man, who would not care about being burdened with an additional estate, and in that case, what could be more natural than that she should pass it on to her cousin? For she had already, by Horace's request and with Aunt Julia's approval, begun to speak of the young man as her cousin and to address him by his Christian name.

In those days—felt by her to be a sort of transition period, during which there was nothing to be done but to await the progress of events—Veronica found life pleasant enough. Although, in consequence of her recent bereavement, Mrs. Mansfield was declining all invitations, she did not deem herself precluded from receiving her friends, of whom she had a vast number; and it seemed to Veronica, who was accustomed to a very different method of existence, that there was a perpetual stream of people entering or leaving the house in South Audley Street. Many of these were politically or otherwise notorious. It was interesting to watch them, to listen to their talk and to note how extremely ordinary were the ideas to which they thought fit to give expression. Statesmen, fine ladies, artists, musicians—all these were to be met with in Mrs. Mansfield's drawing-room or at her dinner-table; and Veronica, with a strong curiosity respecting the interminable Human Comedy and considerable natural aptitude for discerning its lights and shades, enjoyed scrutinising them and trying to discover what they were really like when off the stage. Moreover, if Aunt Julia's friends were not conversationally brilliant, or did not care to show themselves so, they had singularly pleasant, easy manners. They did not look half bewildered, half offended if you chanced to tell them what was in your mind at the moment, as the dwellers around Harbury Vale had been wont to do; their mental horizon was evidently less restricted than that which encircles country neighbourhoods; added to which, they were exceedingly kind and anxious to do all in their power to amuse a raw rustic. The truth, no doubt, was that Veronica herself was amusing, besides being an heiress; so that it would have been strange if she had not achieved popularity. As a fact, many people took a more or less disinterested fancy to her, and were glad to afford her opportunities for enlarging her knowledge of contemporary social developments.

But of all her acquaintances she liked Horace Trevor far the best. Now that they understood one another (or, at all events, understood one another with regard to one essential point), their intercourse assumed a character which was in every way agreeable, and even stimulating. That is to say, Veronica endeavoured to make her society stimulating to Horace, because she thought that he rather required a touch of the spur, and she found him a most docile disciple.

"Clever I shall never be," he confessed modestly one day, "and I'm not sure that I always agree with everything that you say; but I'm quite sure that you are right in telling me that I ought to improve my mind, and I do read regularly every night now after I go to bed, until I fall asleep."

"And how long is that, upon an average?" Veronica inquired.

"Well, it depends a little upon the author; but I'm getting on. I know quite a lot of things now which I should never have troubled my head about if you hadn't put me on the track."

"Any seeds of personal ambition beginning to germinate yet?"

"H'm! not many, I'm afraid. But I'm ready to admit that I have wasted my life hitherto, and I would try to do something more useful with it for the future if I only knew how."

How, indeed, was he to render his future life useful to the community at large or of any great value to himself? An ex-cavalry officer who is too old to take up a new profession, and who has just money enough to live without a profession, is scarcely a promising subject. But Veronica's fixed idea was that he was to become a landed proprietor some day, and after that it would be comparatively plain sailing. For the time being, there was much satisfaction to be derived from the influence which she unquestionably exercised over this well-meaning young man, while it was at once a pleasure and a convenience to have his escort to theatres and other places of public entertainment.

"I don't think we show any disrespect to poor Samuel's memory by going to a theatre sometimes," Mrs. Mansfield said. "It is true that he wouldn't have approved of it, but then what would he have approved of?"

Not, it must be assumed, of a match between the disinherited Horace and the enriched Veronica; and, since Mrs. Mansfield's object in going to the play was to foster that scheme, she reflected that she might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. At the bottom of her heart she was old-fashioned enough to entertain some misgivings as to the propriety of showing herself at a burlesque or a comic opera within so short a time of her brother's death, but she told her conscience that the end justified the means.

What vexed her a good deal more than her conscience—a fairly well-trained one—was likely to do was the conviction which forced itself upon her one evening that she had adopted an unfortunate means of arriving at her end.

She was sitting, as usual, in the background of a box, the more conspicuous seats of which were occupied by Horace and Veronica, when the door was abruptly flung open to give admittance to a young lady in a sable-trimmed opera-cloak, who accosted her with the engaging *sans-gêne* characteristic of a moribund century.

"How are you, Mrs. Mansfield? I saw you from the other side of the house, and I thought I would look you up between the acts."

"How do you do?" returned Mrs. Mansfield, in a tone of annoyed resignation. "I don't know how you could have seen me; but I suppose you mean that you saw Horace."

The new-comer laughed. "Well, yes," she answered, as she seated herself; "I divined you. It wasn't to be imagined that he could be at a theatre with a young person of unquestionable respectability and without his aunt. The young person is the heiress, I presume?"

She did not trouble herself to lower her voice, which was of a clear and rather hard quality. Both Veronica and Horace looked round, and the latter at once rose, holding out his hand.

"Have you come up for the season, Miss Cradock?" he inquired.

The lady addressed nodded. "Awfully sorry to hear of your sell," she was kind enough to say; "but I always warned you of what would happen if you didn't look out. What a duffer you were to let that old curmudgeon quarrel with you!"

Dolly Cradock prided herself upon her disregard of conventional usages. Most of us find it necessary to our comfort to pride ourselves upon gifts which we either do not possess or should be a great deal better without. This tall, well set-up, and somewhat muscular-looking girl, who had a fine figure, a clear complexion, an abundance of bronze-coloured hair, and a set of features to which not much exception could be taken, save that her jaw was rather too heavy for beauty, might have rested satisfied with what Nature and circumstances had done for her. Only in that case she would have been ordinary, and it must be assumed that she did not desire to be ordinary.

Horace, uncomfortably conscious of Veronica's vicinity, answered hurriedly, "Oh, that's all right. May I introduce you to my cousin, Miss Dimsdale—Miss Cradock."

"Didn't know Miss Dimsdale was your cousin," the irrepressible Dolly remarked, stretching out a tan-gloved hand to Veronica; "I always understood that you were one of those thrice-blessed mortals who have absolutely no surviving relations. Mrs. Mansfield don't count, because she is only your aunt by courtesy, and that doesn't give her the right to be discourteous, like some people's aunts. I wish all mine were in Abraham's bosom, I know!"

"My dear girl!" remonstrated Mrs. Mansfield.

But Miss Dolly was not in the habit of paying heed to remonstrances. She now proceeded to monopolise the conversation, criticising the first act of the play which they had witnessed in a spirit of candid impartiality, and displaying incidentally a remarkable acquaintance with the private lives of certain actresses concerned therein, until the entrance of Lord Chippenham created a diversion.

This left her free to devote her whole attention to young Trevor, to whom she said: "Well, and how are you? Bearing up pretty well?"

"Oh, I'm bearing up," answered Horace. "I say, I wish you wouldn't mind being a little bit particular about what remarks you make before Miss Dimsdale. She's—she's—"

"An *ingénue*? I shouldn't have supposed so to look at her; she strikes me as being uncommonly self-possessed. Upon the whole, I rather like her looks, and I think I will cultivate her acquaintance. Just go round to the Framptons, who brought me here, and tell them I shall not be back until after the next act, will you? You can keep my place for me."

Horace obeyed not very willingly; for he knew that Dolly Cradock sometimes said outrageous things, and he had of late begun to form entirely new ideas upon the subject of what constitutes feminine attractiveness. But he had no need to be alarmed. Miss Cradock could suit herself to her company

when she chose, and Veronica was almost as much pleased as amused by the frank speech of this fresh acquaintance. Dolly put a number of questions, obtained the information for which she asked, and gave in return a rapid and perfectly truthful sketch of herself and her belongings.

"Poor as church mice, and over head and ears in debt," said she. "But somehow or other we manage to hang on from year to year and keep more or less in the swim. How it's done I'm sure I can't tell you, but it is done. As for me, I am beginning my third season of anxious looking out for the rich man who ought to have married me, and who hasn't turned up yet. Your cousin, as you are pleased to call him, would have done very nicely, but, of course, he is out of the question now, poor fellow!" added Dolly, with a sigh.

"You can't make me feel more apologetic or more ashamed of myself than I do already," Veronica remarked.

"Oh, I don't suppose you owe him any apology—though I must say I envy you your good luck. Imagine waking up one fine morning to discover that one was wealthy and entirely independent! If I were in your shoes, nothing on earth should ever induce me to marry."

"Very likely I never shall," answered Veronica; "but as for being independent, that seems to be scarcely possible. I can't live alone."

"Why not? Who is to prevent you, from the moment that you are of age? All that you have to do is simply to declare your intention of pleasing yourself, and then let them rave. I sometimes adopt that system, even though I'm not independent, and I find it answer very fairly well. Still, for the present, you are not so badly off in being chaperoned by Mrs. Mansfield, who is an old dear. Mrs. Mansfield, I was just saying to your niece that you are an old dear."

The recipient of this graceful compliment did not look precisely enchanted; but Lord Chippenham, who thought Miss Dolly great fun, bent forward, laughing, to ask, "And what am I, please?"

"Oh! you're another: everybody knows that," the young lady answered. "Only you wouldn't be any use as a chaperon; you are much too frisky and flighty for such a position."

She went on chattering through the next act, to which she paid no attention whatever, and when Horace reappeared to conduct her back to her friends, she not only took him away with her, but retained him for the rest of the evening. This behaviour it was which so exasperated Mrs. Mansfield that she could not help ejaculating, while she and her niece were being driven homewards: "That girl grows more and more vulgar every day! And she has no business to be, for she is a gentlewoman by birth."

"She promised to come and see me when she could find time," Veronica remarked. "There is something about her that I like. It is a pity that she puts on that manner."

"It isn't put on; she has never had any other manner that I can remember. Although, as I say, she becomes more objectionable as she becomes older."

"Horace did not seem to object to her," Veronica observed, after a pause. "Was there ever anything between them?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered Mrs. Mansfield, with unnecessary emphasis, "nothing beyond a mere flirtation, such as he has had with dozens of others. His going off with her as he did to-night was entirely her doing, not his. And I always think that men who have had plenty of flirtations make the steadiest husbands. It is so much better that they should go through what has to be gone through in that way before than after marriage!"

"I daresay it is," agreed Veronica, laughing a little to herself in her corner of the brougham.

She was wondering whether Miss Dolly Cradock might not turn out to be a valuable ally. That that young woman would scruple to accept a wedding-gift of a fine estate did not appear likely, and if (as a slight change in the expression of her face when she began to talk about Horace had seemed to hint) she was really attached to him, and he to her, an arrangement satisfactory to all parties might yet be arrived at. This, however, was of course only a pleasing vision.

CHAPTER VIII. COMPLICATIONS.

Miss Cradock did not lose much time about redeeming her promise to call in South Audley Street. She walked in, dressed in a riding-habit, one morning while Veronica was busy over the voluminous weekly epistle to which the denizens of Harbury Vale Rectory looked forward, and announced that she had come to lunch.

"It occurred to me all of a sudden in the Park," she explained, "that I would rather feed with you than with my own people, who are in a ruffled condition to-day owing to some row with our best tenant, who says he can't pay his quarter's rent; so I sent my old gee home and here I am."

"I am so sorry that Aunt Julia has gone to spend the day with an old friend at Hampton Court Palace," answered Veronica. "Can you stand a *tête-à-tête* luncheon with me?" "The very thing that I should like of all others," Dolly declared. "Mrs. Mansfield is a nice old woman, and I am very fond of her—much more so than she is of me—but on the present occasion I am quite clear that I prefer her room to her company."

And in fact it soon became evident that Miss Cradock would not have been nearly as interesting or as entertaining as she was in the presence of an elderly third person. During luncheon and afterwards she talked incessantly, and if her talk was for the most part purely egotistical, that was no drawback to it in the estimation of her hearer, who asked nothing better than to obtain some insight into the character of the potential Mrs. Horace Trevor. Many ladies, no doubt, would have been bored to death by Dolly Cradock; for loud, slangy girls, though less common than they used to be, are still common enough, and the type has ceased to be amusing; but

for Veronica it had the advantage of novelty. Besides which, she had made up her mind to like Dolly.

"I have been thinking," she remarked, after listening with some wonderment to a vivid description of certain riotous proceedings at a country house in which the narrator had recently played a prominent part, "that perhaps you might be persuaded to come down and stay with me at Broxham, when we go there in the autumn. I am afraid I can't promise that you shall meet people who will throw tables and chairs at your head, because I don't know any people of that kind, and probably Aunt Julia's friends have more sedate habits; but you might give us a trial. Horace says he will come as soon as there are birds to be shot."

"You may expect me," was the decisive and satisfactory reply, "and I won't do anything to make you or your guests sit up. One can't play the fool without assistance, and I'm sure I should get none from Mr. Trevor, who seems to have turned over a new leaf under your tuition. He has a tremendous respect for you, you know."

Veronica laughed. "In what way has he turned over a

least I can do is to serve him a good turn, if I ever get the chance."

"I daresay he will give you the chance," observed Dolly, rather drily.

"Oh, I don't mean in that way," said Veronica, replying to a speech which had not been made. "That arrangement can never come off, because we are both of us opposed to it. But there are other ways in which I may be able to help him when the time comes, if he is not too proud to accept my assistance."

"Are there? I can't imagine what they can be. If he were a woman he might accept a big cheque—I should, I know, and say 'Thank you' for it—but men aren't allowed to do such things."

With this statement of Miss Dolly's personal amenability Veronica had to rest satisfied; for now the dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor, who, it appeared, had insisted upon coming upstairs, notwithstanding Mrs. Mansfield's absence from home.

"I thought I might venture to ask for you," Mr. Mostyn

suppose. I have sometimes thought of writing a sporting novel myself; sporting novels pay well, they tell me. But you don't go in for that sort of thing, do you?"

"No," answered the poet and critic, "I don't go in for that sort of thing. I am sorry to say that I don't possess the requisite knowledge."

"You don't look as if you did," Miss Cradock remarked candidly. "Well, I must be off, Veronica, dear—may I call you Veronica, by the way? I want a hansom."

She departed presently, after taking an affectionate leave of her hostess, whom she led as far as the door, with voluble assurances that she would come again soon.

Veronica felt bound to offer some apologies for her friend; but Mr. Mostyn did not seem to have been at all affronted.

"You think me a hero," he remarked, "because I have climbed to the top of the tree in a calling which you happen to admire; but the huntsman of the Quorn, whose name has probably never reached your ears, is an infinitely more important personage in the eyes of that young lady.



She walked in, dressed in a riding-habit, one morning while Veronica was busy over the voluminous weekly epistle to which the denizens of Harbury Vale Rectory looked forward,

new leaf?" she asked. "Were the past pages of his life such very bad reading?"

"Oh, no; he has always kept pretty straight, I believe. Only he used to be a cheery sort of fellow and ready for any fun that was going. In a perpetual funk of that canting old uncle of his, though. And then to think of his having fallen out with the old hypocrite and lost everything, after all! Doesn't it just show what idiots men are?"

"Well, it shows that some men are very simple and honest," answered Veronica. "I like Horace all the better for not having been too subservient, don't you?"

"No, I certainly don't," Dolly returned. "I see no sense in cutting off your nose to spite your face; I call that a very weak thing to do. However, he has been sufficiently punished in all conscience, poor fellow!"

These last words were spoken so ruefully, and the drooped corners of Dolly's mouth seemed to intimate in so unequivocal a manner that punishment had not fallen upon Horace Trevor alone, that Veronica was strongly tempted to make reassuring propositions there and then. But she refrained. She was weary of talking about surrendering Broxham, and being laughed at for her pains; if the thing was to be done at all, it must evidently be done after some slower and more diplomatic fashion. So she only remarked, "Well, the

explained, smiling pleasantly upon his young friend; "it is so seldom that I have an hour to spare, and I undertook to bring you the latest reports from Berkshire."

Veronica said what was polite and veracious, was duly informed that there was no particular information to be given respecting her relatives, and then introduced the great man to Miss Cradock. That the great man should never have heard of Miss Cradock before was, of course, not surprising; but it gave Veronica something of a shock to notice that the mention of her distinguished visitor's name elicited no further homage from Dolly than a blank stare and a slight bow.

"Mr. Cyril Mostyn," she could not help repeating under her breath, thinking that she might have been imperfectly heard.

"Yes; I know," answered Dolly, in a loud voice. And then, turning to the light of modern English literature: "Write a bit, don't you?" she asked.

"I must confess to having written a bit," Mr. Mostyn replied, much amused. "There are even moments when I am afraid that I have written a bit too much."

"Ah! I daresay. It must be a horrid grind, I should think."

"I often find it so," Mr. Mostyn admitted.

"Still, if you make money by it, it's worth doing, I

And why not? I can do some things which he cannot do, but it is equally certain that he is my master in others."

"You might say the same of a chimney-sweep," observed Veronica.

"And in circles where chimney-sweeping is looked upon as a fine art I should hardly be accused of mock modesty. But I did not come here to talk about myself; I came to talk about you—or rather to ask questions about you. Do you know that it seriously alarmed me to see you walking in the street alone with young Trevor? All the more so because, when I mentioned the circumstance to your aunt Mrs. Dimsdale, she at once jumped to conclusions which she seemed to think a subject for congratulation. Your other aunt will naturally hold the same views; so that, unless you are prepared to stand very firm indeed, you may soon drift into a situation which I shudder to contemplate."

"There is no fear of that," answered Veronica. "I like Horace Trevor extremely, but I could no more think of marrying him than of marrying the Pope, and I am glad to say that he feels just in the same way about me. We talked it over the very day when we met you."

Mr. Mostyn raised his eyebrows and laughed. "It must be admitted that, for a poetess, you are an exceedingly practical person," said he,

"I only wish I were," sighed Veronica: "that is if a practical person means a person who knows how to put her wishes into practice. And don't call me a poetess, please; it hurts my feelings."

"The dictionary," returned Mr. Mostyn, "defines a poetess as a female poet, and a poet as one who has written a poem. I am ready to maintain in the face of the world that you have written a poem, and the fact that I recommended you to burn it is neither here nor there. We versifiers have at least one point in common with the phoenix, that if we ever rise to immortality at all, it is probably upon the ashes of our former selves that we do it."

"I shall never rise to immortality—nor even to notoriety—nor even to publication," said Veronica. "You know that quite well."

Mr. Mostyn smiled indulgently. "No," he answered, "I don't know that. I am a little afraid of it, I own, because, as I think I told you once before, riches are a terrible obstacle in the way of literary success. Your friend is quite right; we work for money, and if we didn't require money we should do very little work."

"You will never make me believe that your poems were written for sordid reasons," Veronica declared.

"Not altogether; but I should certainly have written more of them if they had proved more remunerative. As it is, I write more prose than I ought to do just because I find prose remunerative. After all, there are but two inducements to undertake the labour of composition—ambition and the necessity of earning one's daily bread in one way or another. The first is very soon satisfied; the other is almost sure to remain as a wholesome stimulus to literary men of small income until the end of their lives. Because I doubt whether even the authors of sporting novels ever realise sums large enough to be worth investing. For you, therefore, the question is one of ambition, pure and simple, and it will not take you long to discover that a woman with a large fortune may make herself famous by easier and speedier methods than by publishing a volume of poems."

"I have not the slightest desire to be famous," said Veronica impatiently; "I don't wish to waste my life, that is all. What have I done that you should deluge me with cold water in this way?"

"You have committed the almost unpardonable offence of being exceptionally lucky," Mr. Mostyn replied, laughing. "You really must not grudge your friends the small consolation of pointing out to you that your position has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. But so long as you abstain from the fatal step of espousing your so-called cousin, I shall not despair of you. Now may I see what you have been scribbling since you came to London? For I know you must have been scribbling a little."

She had, in fact, been scribbling a little, and she was presently persuaded to submit her crude efforts to the scrutiny of a competent judge, who did not deal over-mercifully with them. He was, however, both kindly and straightforward—as, to do him justice, he always was, when treating of such subjects—and she had no reason to doubt his word when he assured her that she had made progress.

"You will make yourself heard of yet," he declared, "always supposing that you continue to think it worth your while to do so. And, between ourselves, it is worth while to do anything well, whether a reward in the shape of coin or celebrity is forthcoming or no."

That was more like the language that Veronica wished to

hear; but when she reverted to the topic of her burdensome wealth and her anxiety to shake it off her shoulders, Mr. Mostyn had very little comfort to offer her. It was evident that he had no great faith in the sincerity of such murmurs; he could not be brought to treat her grievance seriously, and when he went away, he left a somewhat dissatisfied disciple behind him.

Later in the afternoon Horace dropped in, and was pleased to accept a cup of tea. He had just returned from Sandown, where he had had a very successful day, he announced.

"I thought," said Veronica, in reproachful accents, "that you were going to abjure betting. You can't afford it, you know."

"Well, that depends," answered the young man good-humouredly. "I can't comfortably afford to lose, it is true; but I can do very well with a few wins, and I feel quite like a capitalist this evening."

"Oh, Aunt Julia and the General, I suppose. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"I don't like it," repeated Veronica. "We ought to be honest, I think, and I shall tell Aunt Julia to-night that she must not cherish any hopes of the kind."

"I trust you won't do that," said Horace; "you will let yourself in for no end of worry if you do. As it is, don't you see, we can be friendly and comfortable together; but there will be a finish to all comfort as soon as Aunt Julia hears that we don't mean business."

"I can put up with a little discomfort."

"I am not so sure of that, and I am quite sure that I can't. Not with discomfort of that sort, anyhow. I couldn't stay with you at Broxham, for instance."

"Oh, you must come to Broxham. Miss Cradock has promised to come."

"Ah! that settles it, then. The Broxham partridges and pheasants will have to be shot by somebody else this year."

And although he was begged to be more explicit, he refused to make any further revelations, merely saying that it didn't signify, and talking persistently about the people whom he had met at Sandown until Mrs. Mansfield came in to relieve him of conversational difficulties.

Upon the whole, it seemed to Veronica that nobody was at all inclined to help her out of her own difficulties, which showed signs of becoming increasingly complicated.

(To be continued.)



PRINCESS VICTORIA-MELITA, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT, AND HER SISTERS, THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Veronica shook her head. "You might have felt like a bankrupt, I daresay," she rejoined. "You would have done much better to stay in London and come to luncheon here. You would have met Miss Cradock if you had."

Horace looked slightly uneasy. "Did you invite her or did she invite herself?" he inquired.

"I believe she invited herself; but I was very glad to see her, and I hope to see more of her."

"She really is a good sort," Horace said half apologetically; "though you might not think so at first. Did she allude to current reports about us?"

"About whom? What reports do you mean?"

"Oh, I only thought she might have chaffed you; she is no respecter of persons, and I believe she would chaff the Queen if she got the chance. It's all over the place, you know, that you and I are going to be married."

"I did not know it was all over the place," answered Veronica, frowning thoughtfully; "I don't think I quite like it. Who can have been spreading such reports?"

that painted the posthumous portrait of the poet now in Pembroke College, Cambridge. Mr. Murray's portrait, however, differs in some respects from the Cambridge one; its chief distinction being that in the former the eyes look piercingly at the spectator. The exact date of the picture Mr. Scharf does not determine, but he throws out a useful hint for those who might wish to aid in the search. In the Print Room of the British Museum there is a small engraved portrait of Gray, which he recognises as being identical with Mr. Murray's oil painting. Below the engraving is inscribed, "Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnick, near Ludlow; sold also in London by H. D. Symonds, &c." If anyone can throw any light upon an edition of Gray's poems which appeared from this source, it might be possible to ascertain more accurately the date of this interesting picture, which, we trust, may have the honour of being hung by Mr. George Scharf in the new National Portrait Gallery. It would be likely to attract a good deal of attention.

The discovery of a portrait of the poet Thomas Gray in an upper room of Mr. Murray's house in Albemarle Street will probably lead to some interesting discussion. Mr. George Scharf, of the National Portrait Gallery, was the first to recognise the old poet under a new face, and he has recently laid before the world the result of his investigations into the authorship and authenticity of this long-lost work. Only two portraits of Gray have hitherto been admitted as contemporary works—one painted by Richardson when the poet was only fifteen, and the other by Eccardt when he was thirty-one years of age. Walpole possessed an etching of Gray, "from his shade by W. Mason," which would seem to have been done from a silhouette or profile shade, a common method in those days. In this Gray was represented as already a middle-aged man of probably a little over fifty. Mr. Scharf seems to think that the author of the newly discovered portrait was Benjamin Wilson, the same artist

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.

The Royal Bride of the moment, the Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, is a thorough cosmopolitan. Her father is a British Prince, her mother is a Russian Archduchess, she herself was born in Malta, she spent part of her early years in England, but she has always been taught to look on Germany as her real home, as her parents were destined to take their place eventually on the ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She also narrowly missed being brought up as a Greek Princess, as in 1862 an offer of the title of

King of the Hellenes was made to the young Prince Alfred, our sovereign's second son. This offer her Majesty, acting on the advice of her Ministers, thought it well to decline, and the Duke was thus left for over thirty years in that private position from which he has now emerged.

More fortunate in this respect than her elder sister, Marie, Crown Princess of Roumania, Princess Victoria Melita will find herself from the first almost as much at home in her married as in her maiden life. She will have no new language to learn, no changed standard by which to measure her own actions, no unknown prejudices to discover and to study; she will not even have before her the task of gradually accustoming her little Court to those changes which are inevitable when some new royal lady comes to preside over the functions, for it is now sixteen years since Hesse-Darmstadt lost its beloved "Princess Alice," and as the Grand Duke Louis IV. had only reigned there for eighteen months when he became a widower, the Grand Duchess had hardly had time to impress her own personality indelibly upon the social life of the dukedom.

Princess Victoria Melita marries early in life—she will not be eighteen till November; but it is now over two years since the young Duke succeeded his father, and it was not considered well that his marriage should be delayed longer. The Duchess of Edinburgh, moreover, retains many of her Muscovite ideas, and among other things she has predilections in favour of early marriage, and she would not approve of her daughters following her own example and waiting till they attained the advanced age of twenty before they placed their hands in those of their respective bridegrooms.

A word now on the training of the Princesses of Edinburgh. It is possible that no children in the present day have been so carefully educated as they. The Duchess is not only one of the most accomplished of the royal ladies of Europe, but she is more naturally gifted and highly intellectual than almost any who could be named among them, and for

many years she has devoted herself almost entirely to the supervision of their studies, and this supervision has been no nominal one. Before entrusting any branch of the young Princesses' education to a new teacher the Duchess personally inquired into their method of tuition and satisfied herself that the children's time would be well spent; while she has insisted that such "out-of-sight" subjects as history and literature should receive more attention than even art or music.

Princess Victoria Melita's real

powers, however, lie in the direction of music, which is not surprising considering what excellent performers and critics both her parents are. All the Princesses promise to be unusually clever pianists and violinists, but, as someone who had heard them play said: "They all play well, but Princess Victoria is a musician"; and her father, with very

pardonable pride in her talent, has more than once remarked that his little daughter plays better than he does himself; and one of his earliest presents to her was a beautiful violin. The Duke's own favourite instrument, it may be mentioned, is a genuine Stradivarius, given to him by the late Duke of Cambridge; while his bow was a wedding present from Sir Thomas Gladstone.

Languages rank next among Princess Victoria's accomplishments. The Duchess arranged that English, French, German, Russian, and Italian should have their turn in everyday use; and the finishing touches to the last tongue were put during the latter part of the time the Duke held his command in the Mediterranean, when the Duchess would constantly cross over to Naples with her little girls and spend whole days in examining the artistic and the archaeological treasures of the place.

Of the young Duke it need only be said that he is the son of a beloved and respected Prince, who during his reign fully did his duty to his people, who played the part of a gallant soldier during the Franco-German War, and of whom our own Queen wrote, on his death, "In him she loses a real son, and one who was tenderly loved by the whole of the royal family." Of his other parent, Princess Alice, it is not too much to say that she was adored in Germany as she had been in the home of her girlhood, from the time she first entered the country till the moment of her premature death, when she broke down under the strain of nursing through a dangerous illness all her children, including the young bridegroom, into whose hands we have now entrusted the future happiness of an English Princess.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA RETURNING FROM A DRIVE.



MEETING OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



THE CASTLE OF ROSENAU, COBURG, WHERE THE PRINCE CONSORT WAS BORN.



PRINCESS VICTORIA MELITA'S BOUDOIR IN THE CASTLE OF EHRENBURG.

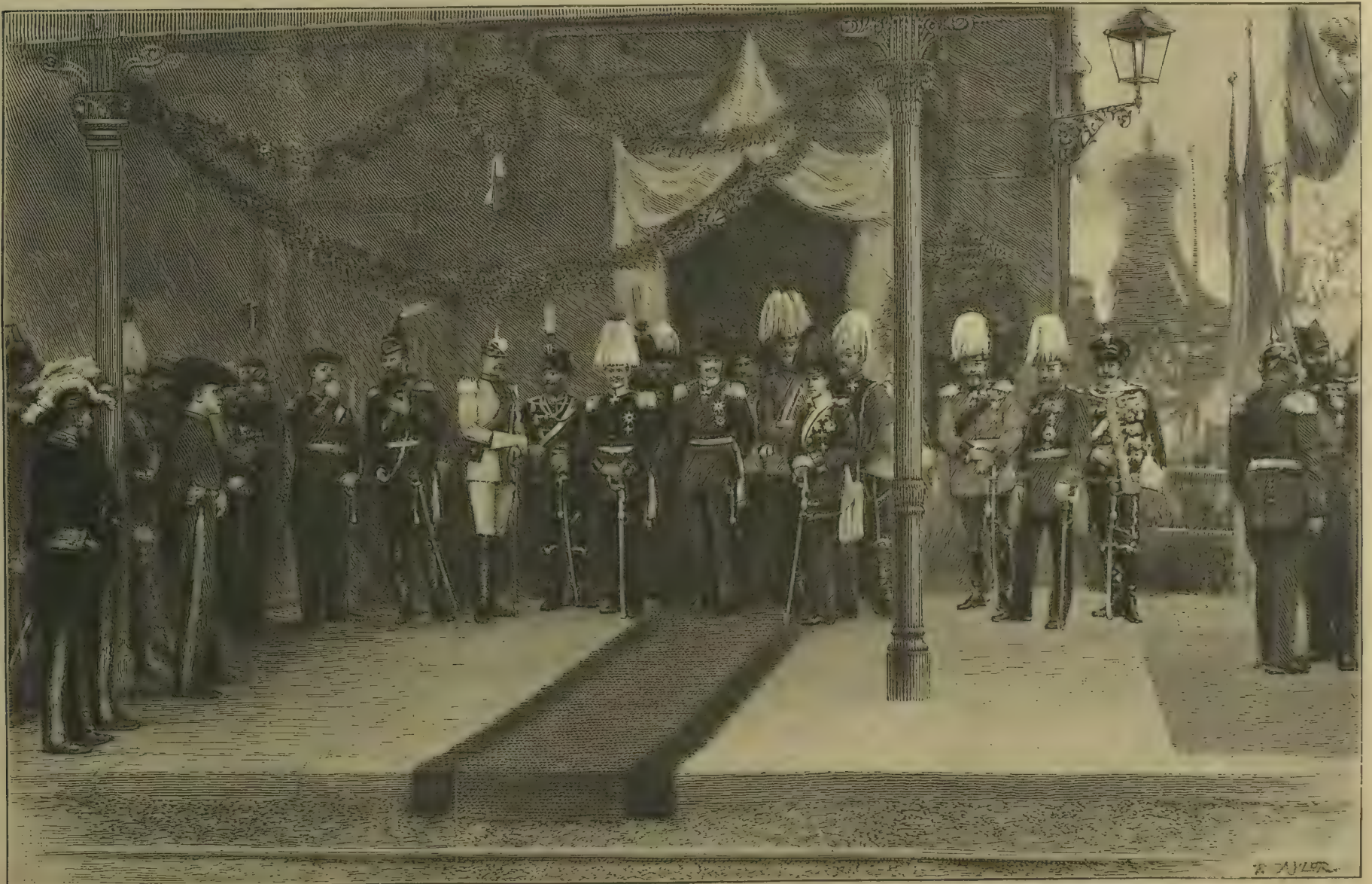
Photos by Udenhuth, Coburg.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG.



ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDEGROOM, THE GRAND DUKE ERNEST LOUIS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Pricer.

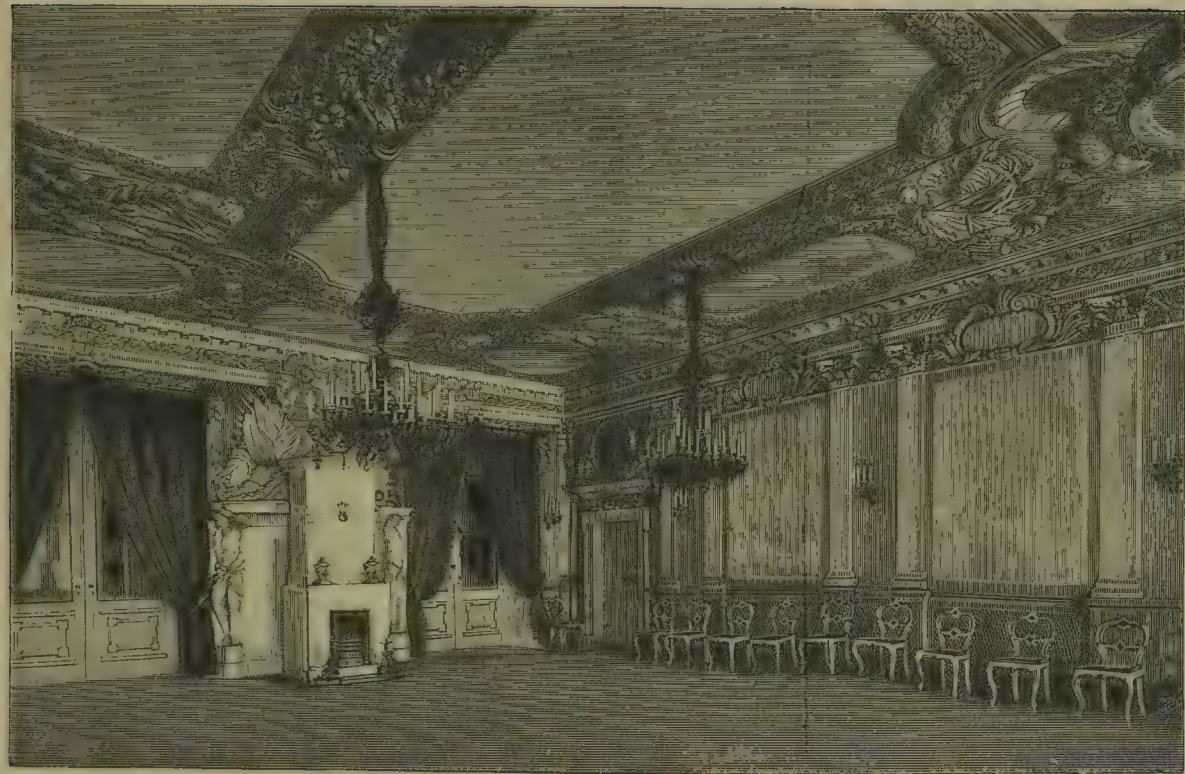


WAITING FOR THE EMPEROR WILLIAM: A GROUP OF PRINCES.

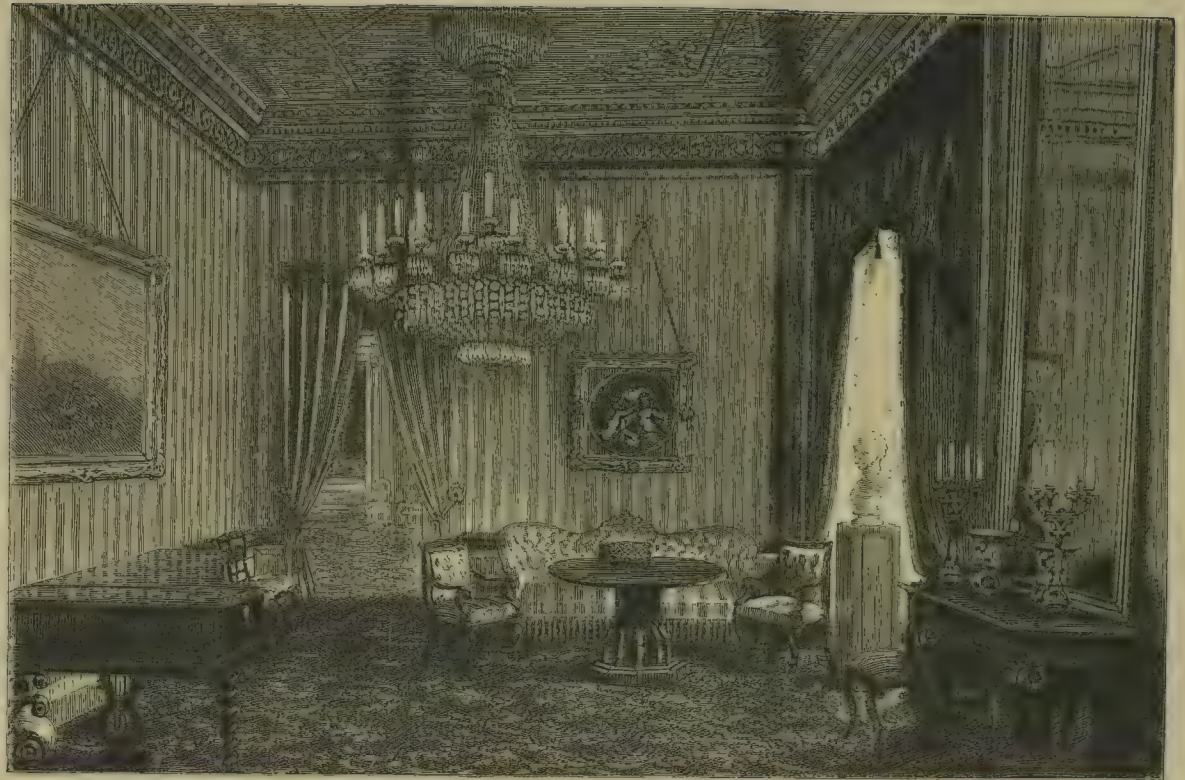
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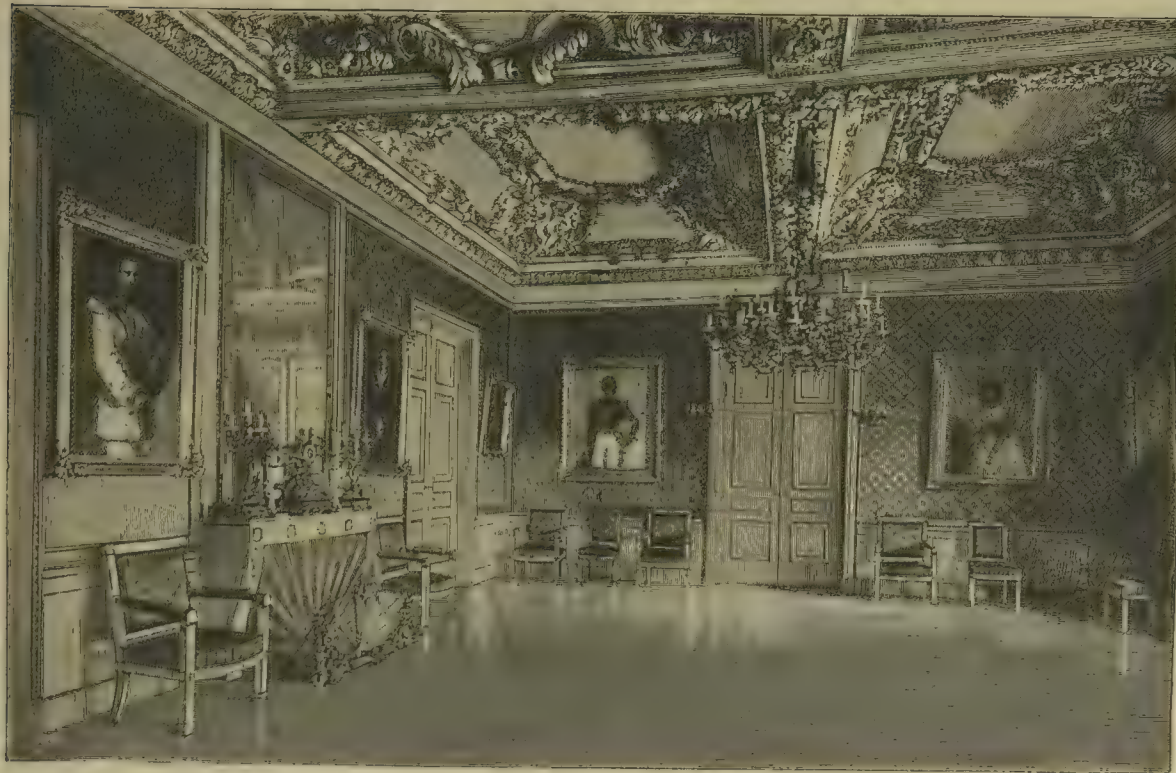
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WHITE BANQUETING-ROOM.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S SITTING-ROOM.



THE RED DRAWING-ROOM.



THE THRONE-ROOM.

THE CASTLE OF EHRENBURG, COBURG, THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Photos by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

THE WEDDING GIFTS.

The royal grandmother, her Majesty Queen Victoria, gave the bride a splendid brooch, with a graceful arrangement of laurel leaves, designed by the Queen herself. It contains no gems but diamonds, some of which are very large, and all of the purest water. The brooch was enclosed in a handsome blue case, with the affectionate and simple inscription, "From her Grandmother." This ornament was manufactured by Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street.

The bridegroom, the Grand Duke of Hesse, purchased for his bride, from Mr. J. W. Benson, of Old Bond Street, a very beautiful diamond ornament in the form of wings, supported by a Cupid's bow, to be worn in the hair as a tiara, the wings alone forming a very handsome brooch when detached.

A fine mirror was presented to Princess Victoria Melita by the officers of the 1st Wiltshire (Duke of Edinburgh's) Regiment. The frame is composed of chased and repoussé solid silver; the measurement is 35 in. by 24 in. This useful gift was manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.

The wedding gift offered to her Royal Highness by the wives and maidens of Coburg is a suite of drawing-room furniture, upholstered with golden tapestry, and richly carved and gilt, comprising seven articles: a couch, two arm-chairs, two tabourets, a fire-screen, and a table, into which is inserted a slab of finest porcelain, with a view of the fortress of Coburg



DIAMOND TIARA, FROM THE BRIDEGROOM.



DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, FROM WIVES AND MAIDENS OF COBURG.

painted in the Royal Porcelain Factory at Charlottenburg, near Berlin. All the other articles were manufactured by the firm of Hofmeister and Grasser, of Coburg, purveyors to the Duke.

The gifts of the Duke and Duchess of Coburg to their daughter comprised a necklace of pearls and emeralds, a bracelet of large diamonds and emeralds, a diamond heart studded with turquoises, and a diadem set with brilliants and emeralds. The Emperor of Russia sent a large set of diamonds and sapphires.

The town municipality of Coburg has presented to the Princess a silver vase, 2 ft. high, decorated with the arms of the duchy and with engraved views of the old castle and of Rosenau, surmounted by a figure holding a wreath of laurel.

The wedding gifts were placed in one of the rooms of the Ducal Palace. Among them, besides those already mentioned, were several cushions daintily worked, the finest being of cream satin, with the arms of Coburg and Hesse, and between these a lovely monogram in gold and silver thread, surmounted by a crown. The cushion was enclosed in a case, and looked almost too beautiful to be used. A splendid tea and coffee service of gold plate and china was given to the royal bride by the Sultan of Johore, and another interesting present, sent by Countess Gleichen, was a gold knife with a china handle, to which was attached a card bearing the words, "With love," and the donor's signature. There were two travelling clocks, one made of filigree tracery in gold; also an exquisite little watch clock,



WEDDING PRESENTS AT COBURG.

From a Photo by our Special Photographer, Mr. J. Russell.

the mount being pale blue enamel with a lustre of silver. A pair of glass silver-mounted scent-bottles, a glass-mounted powder-box, and a silver double mirror were presented by the servants at Clarence House; these articles were manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent Street.

The collection of such beautiful objects was numerous and costly. We have pleasure in giving illustrations of a few of them; the number being limited because of the fact that the majority of the presents were not sent



DIAMOND BROOCH, FROM THE QUEEN.

in until almost the eve of the marriage, and the great majority were sent to Coburg or Darmstadt direct. A description of some of the wedding dresses, which was given last week, may also be referred to; as the jewellery worn by the bride, including a magnificent tiara of diamonds and emeralds and a bracelet of fine brilliants, must be taken into account.

THE WEDDING CAKE.

The wedding cake, prepared by Messrs. Gunter and Co., of Berkeley Square, by command of the Duke of Coburg, stood about five feet six inches high, and weighed about



THE WEDDING CAKE.

150 lb. The design was very beautiful. The sides of the cake were decorated with four satin medallions bearing the monograms of the bride, "V.M.," and bridegroom, "E.L." Each medallion was bordered with acorns and oak leaves in pure white sugar, the border of the cake being also composed of acorns and leaves. The medallions alternated with festoons of choice flowers. On the top of the cake stood a pedestal of beautiful open sugar-work, bearing a graceful vase, of filigree sugar, in which was a very handsome bouquet composed of white lilac, orange



SILVER-FRAMED MIRROR, FROM OFFICERS OF 1ST WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

and myrtle blossoms, lilies-of-the-valley, hyacinths and stephanotis, while falling from the bouquet were delicate trails of roses and other flowers, relieved with smilax. This cake was placed on a small table behind the Queen, at the wedding breakfast in the Ducal Palace, where there was a magnificent display of gold and silver plate, and of floral decorations.



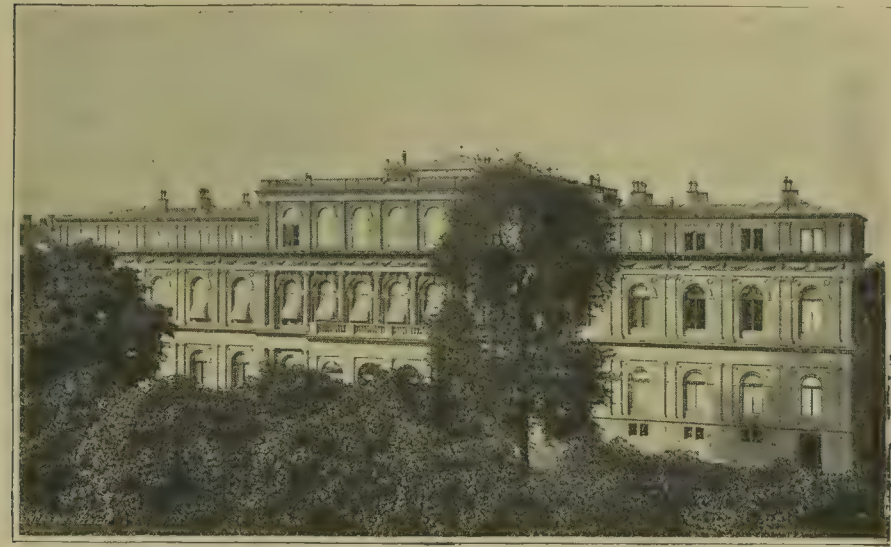
THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE DUKE OF COBURG RECEIVING THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT THE RAILWAY STATION, COBURG.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

LECTURES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the *North American Review* Miss Repplier speaks her mind with frankness, almost with ferocity, about lectures. Why do we go to them, she asks, in a world which, as the optimistic poet says, is "so full of a number of things"?



THE ROYAL WEDDING AT COBURG: THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE'S PALACE AT DARMSTADT.

It cannot be for pleasure, she urges, that people sit in such a place as the room in Albemarle Street, when they might be in the open air or taking tea. As for instruction, there are books, and many can read, so there is no good in hearing a man tell us a summary of some abstruse matter, like German Metaphysics, or Gallowayian Folklore, or Egyptian Religion. In fact, nothing is learned from lectures, as a rule, which cannot be better learned from books. You can think over what a printed author says. You can examine his authorities. But a lecture goes in at one ear and out at the other. On a postcard a distinguished American writer has confessed that he could write down all that he ever gleaned from many lectures. All that I remember from four years of college lectures at Balliol is that Turgot cut down chestnut-trees in Corsica to discourage the Corsicans from living wholly on chestnuts. That, at least, I shall never forget. Of the rest nothing remains. Some Briton, quoted by Miss Repplier, was asked to lecture on an abstruse matter in America. He replied that he had written two books on the theme, that they contained all he knew and much that he knew no longer. Let the citizens read these books if they wanted to know. The citizens did not read them. I have seen that Briton's publishing accounts for the last half-year—

TO AMERICAN SALES:

Six shillings and twopence (6s. 2d.)

Now we are at the centre of the puzzle. It is worth while to ask a British author over-sea to lecture on a topic; nor do I doubt that it would be well worth his while to go, if go he could. But as to his books on the theme wherein his lore is valued, the American public lays out but six shillings and twopence on them. Why don't they buy the books if they are interested in the subject, and in his treatment of it? Why do they want the lectures if they are not interested? Here is an insoluble enigma. May one conjecture that the citizens want to have a good stare at an author so popular (six-and-two) combined with the very thinnest scantling of information, orally acquired? Such information is worthless as it is fugitive. Miss Repplier quotes Dr. Johnson on Scotch education: "Every man gets a little, no man gets a full meal." The Doctor says "gets a bellyful" in English editions of Boswell. Perhaps the *North American Review* would not stand the Doctor's plain words. In lecture-haunting, it is not a bellyful that

anyone gets, it is a sip, like the Marchioness's early experience of beer. But the public prefers a sip, that is the truth—a sip of German metaphysics or of Egyptology. "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," said one of our forefathers, but a sip suffices the lecture-lover.

It may be urged that lectures direct and encourage reading. Thus there was a run on Hegel, Miss Repplier says, at a public library. All the women were asking for Hegel. But the volumes were all back on the shelves in a fortnight, and Scandinavian art, or something of that kind, was in demand.

At lectures ladies see the lecturer, whose name they have encountered in the newspapers. They also see each other's bonnets. Mere reading has not these delights, which I would be the last to decry. The lecturer may or may not be worth seeing. Say he is Mr. Herbert Spencer, I can understand the desire to view him. But Mr. Spencer's philosophy, if one cares for that, cannot even be sipped in lectures, which he is never likely to give. The lecture is plainly a kind of social function, its instructive elements are nowhere, as a general rule. It is a sermon with the chill off. Contrary to Miss Repplier, I contend that a lecture may be amusing. One of Mr. Besant's I very well remember. One could have read it, of course, but it was much aided by the living voice. Again, Mr. Tylor once lectured on the Bull-Roader, a savage instrument, and he worked the Bull-Roader to the

example, were educated. On the whole, however, while the spoken word can affect us morally, intellectually we can, generally speaking, work best by aid of the written word. To many students, lectures mean only waste of time—that is, if we want more than mere "tips" for examinations. But all these remarks apply to college lectures, where real business is meant both by teacher and taught. The popular lecture may now and then entertain: instruct it cannot. People go to it, and come away puffed up by a wind of sham knowledge. "It comes like water, and like wind it goes." The listeners are fed on air, which does not agree with them so well as it is fabled to do with the chameleon. Lecture-going is, intellectually, what turning a prayer-wheel is in religion. However, it does nobody much harm: if it inspires self-esteem, that is no great injury. The lecturer is paid, more or less; more in the States, less in England. Six-and-twopence does not represent his gains. An occasional seed may fall in good ground. The people who will not read will not read, even if they are denied the luxury of lectures. Above all, nobody, out of college, is obliged to go to lectures.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Henry Drummond's new work, "The Evolution of Man," is announced for publication by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton about the middle of May. It will doubtless excite a lively controversy, though there is little prospect of a heresy-hunt in these more tolerant times.

The fortune of the late Dean of Hereford is not £340,503, as erroneously announced, but £34,503. The Dean made free use of his private means at Hereford, the official income being inadequate to maintain the position.

The Welsh Disestablishment Bill is being hurried, and may be introduced by the time these lines are published. It is, expected, however, that nothing more will be done with it. It seems that the Government calculated that it would not be necessary to bring in the Bill, and therefore nothing was done by way of drafting it. The pressure of the Welsh members has forced on the preparation of the measure, and Mr. Asquith has been busy putting it in shape. As may easily be imagined, the question bristles



THE RHEIN-STRASSE, DARMSTADT.

with difficulties, and any false steps will have to be retraced at great cost. According to the best information, about one-half of the Welsh party are ready to revolt at any moment, although only three or four have actually declared their independence.

There is some discussion at present whether laymen should be allowed to take services in consecrated buildings. The question has been before both the Houses of Convocation of the Province of York and also the House of Laymen. Neither the Lower House nor the House of Laymen was inclined to encourage the practice. The Upper House, on the other hand, passed a resolution to the effect that it is expedient that duly qualified laymen should be authorised to preach in consecrated buildings, apart from the usual services, though expressing a doubt as to the legality of such a course. It has been ingeniously suggested that those who attend services in consecrated buildings—namely, laymen—are the best judges. The bishops, as a rule, do not attend the parish churches, except when preaching or otherwise ministering themselves. With the exception of Mr. Harwood, of Manchester, and some others, there are very few effective lay-preachers.

The Wesleyan Methodists are much inspired by the favourable result of their yearly census. There is an increase of nearly six thousand in their membership for the year, after all deductions are made; and this is spread pretty well over the whole country.

The Rev. H. V. White has been appointed organising secretary to the S.P.G. in Ireland.

There seems to be some difficulty in securing a proper successor to Professor Robertson Smith in the Chair of Arabic at Cambridge. Arabic scholars have been becoming fewer of late. An interesting paper on Professor Robertson Smith, by one of the most intimate of his Cambridge friends, appears in the May number of the *Bookman*. V.



THE CASTLE AT DARMSTADT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

That the sound of a letter or that a vowel sound should give rise in the brain of certain persons to a sensation of colour seems to be a curious enough phenomenon in itself, but it is none the less one which has formed the subject of definite scientific inquiry. According to some recent investigations made regarding this so-called "colour-hearing" by Dr. W. S. Colman, about twelve per cent. of us exhibit this faculty, and in only a few of the individuals so favoured is there any high development of the sense. It is not vowel sounds only which give rise to the colour-sensations; for figures, the days of the week, the months, and even musical notes may come to be associated in the mind with particular tints. Dr. Colman says that the most common excitation of colour-hearing is caused by the sounds of the vowels, or by the person thinking of the letters of the alphabet. Among blind persons Dr. Colman has found this colour-hearing faculty occasionally developed, while in perfectly healthy persons (that is, people who are sound in wind, limb, and brain) the curious association under discussion is liable to occur.

In one blind man—blind since he was five years old—Dr. Colman found, for example, that the letter A excited a sensation of white; B of black, while C was speckled, and D dark blue. Again, this person had colour-sensations corresponding to the keynote in which a musical composition was written. A piece written in E gave him the sensation of yellow all the time it was being played. The names of the months were also associated with colours, and with those of the alphabetical letters most prominently pronounced in saying the months' names. January (with the letters A and U most prominent) gave him a sensation of brown and white; February gave black and brown (the colours of F and B); March was brown (the colour of M); while June was light brown, the associated colour-sensation for J. It is very interesting to find it suggested that under the influence of such a drug as haschisch or opium, these colour-hearing sensations may be developed, and strong mental emotion seems also capable of stimulating them. Dr. Colman quotes the case of St. Catherine of Siena, who experienced the sensation of a bright red colour whenever she saw or reflected upon the Host.

What gives rise to this peculiar faculty of colour-hearing is, of course, a matter for discussion. Dr. Colman inclines to the belief that it is purely psychical in its origin, and that it arises simply from a special habit of mental association. Here, as elsewhere, it is the question of "the first step." If an individual acquires a habit of associating particular ideas, no matter how distinct and disconnected they may be, the habit will grow upon him; and perchance as in early life we may make such associations between letters or sounds and colours, so the chance connection becomes crystallised into a stable fact of life. Before I knew of Kaiser's explanation (made in 1872) that children using the painted letters in their picture-books to learn the alphabet might thus acquire the association of colour and sounds, I regarded this idea as highly probable in the light of a solution of the problem. I believe no evidence of positive kind on this head (as Dr. Colman says) has been forthcoming, although he himself thinks it is a simple and probable explanation. I should say, Kaiser's idea formed a very natural explanation indeed.

At least, to my mind, I can see nothing more extraordinary in the association of colours and sounds than in the often incongruous and ludicrous associations one stereotypes in one's brain as the result of even chance observations. For instance, when I was a very small boy, I saw a fat man clad in a velvet coat in the middle of a street row, offering to fight anybody and everybody. In order to convince his auditory that he was a good all-round and accomplished person, he added that he was "ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter"! Now, this was, no doubt, a trivial observation; yet to this day I never can hear or read the word "manslaughter" without the image of a fat man in a velvet coat coming at once into my mental horizon with his generous and highly comprehensive offer to humanity above recorded. This illustrates the unconscious habit of mental association, which in another phase of its working is responsible for colour-hearing; just as a whiff of a particular perfume will sometimes set one's mind going over a whole train of thought and raking up old scenes associated with the scent in question and with the persons who used it.

A large amount of interest attaches to the investigations of Mr. A. F. Miller on the nature of the light admitted by a small beetle, *Photinus corruscus* by name. The results of the investigation are published in the Transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto. It appears that two distinct varieties of light are emitted by this insect. There is a pale-greenish glow of phosphorescent nature given off from the lower surface of the abdomen. This glow was of fairly constant character. The second variety was intermittent in its nature, but of much greater intensity than the first variety. The second kind of light is also given forth from the abdominal region of the beetle. No violet or blue light seems to have been given forth; and one result of Mr. Miller's spectroscopic examination of the light is the declaration that the insect's energy is devoted to producing these light-rays, which most powerfully affect the organs of sight. There is thus seen here once again that correlation between an organ or part and the conditions it is intended to subserve, which is one of the most convincing proofs of the purposive nature of animal and plant development. One end served by such a relationship betwixt a living being and its surroundings is certainly that of enabling it the more readily to wage that struggle for existence which is in itself the very essence of successful living.

Among "books to be read" which of late have come under my notice, I recommend "Man and Woman," by Havelock Ellis (Contemporary Science Series), a very full résumé and comparison of the physical and mental characters which are scientifically to be regarded as distinctive of sex. Readers interested in the queer side of brain-work may find in the new edition of Dr. Ireland's "The Blot upon the Brain" (Bell and Bradfute), a wealth of interesting details.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- A LUDWIG (Shepherd's Bush).—We trust you will be satisfied with the solution when it appears, but it to Kt 7th will not do. The problem you send is a well-known masterpiece.
- C MASON (Spread Eagle C.C.).—Many thanks, but a previous engagement prevented acceptance.
- H H (Peterborough).—Certainly, and it has been so acknowledged. For the rest, it does not now matter.
- W OXLEY (Southampton).—It shall be examined.
- H F W LANE.—Problem to hand with thanks.
- C M A B.—We do not see how mate follows if Black play 1. Kt to Kt 4th: but the problem is not worth further consideration as it is admittedly defective.
- J F MOON.—If Black play 1. K to Q 5th White can continue by either Q to B 6th or Kt checks, &c. This we consider a fatal dual.
- C BENNETT (Binglewade).—The two-mover is doubly cooked by 1. Kt to Q B 5th (dis ch) or by 1. Kt to K B 4th. The other shall appear.
- D S LOMER (Buenos Ayres).—Your solutions are quite correct, and we are pleased to find South America equal to the occasion.
- P H WILLIAMS.—We have mislaid your amended problem. Will you please send another copy?
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2602 and 2603 received from D S Lomer (Buenos Ayres); of No. 2608 from W H B (Dublin), T Shakespeare, Blair Cochrane (Clewley), and Siposs Etus a Sip (Kolozsvár); of No. 2610 from H T W Lane (Stroud) and Blair Cochrane.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2611 received from T Roberts, H C Clancello (Cophorne), C E Perugini, Z Ingold (Erampton), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E E H, H F W Lane, W R Raille, Admiral Brandreth, Blair Cochrane, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Dr Goldsmith (Worthing), H S Brandreth, F E W Adams (Farnham), C M A B, R Worters (Canterbury), Martin F, R H Brooks, C D (Camberwell), Henry Byrnes (Torquay), Charles E Gildea (Kingstown, county Dublin), Shadforth, A J Haggood (Hastur), G Joicey, Ubique, Sorrento, J Coad, W P Hind, H B Hurford, Albert Wolff, Alpha, L Desanges (Bath), J D Tucker (Leeds), A Newman, Percy Buckler, Frank H Hollison, J Dixon, Charles Burnett, J F Moon, F J Candy, J Hall, W Wright, E Loudon, M Burke, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and T G (Ware).

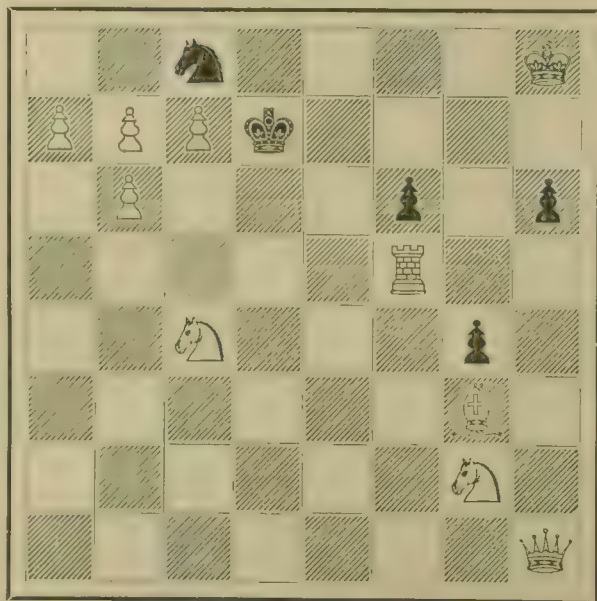
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2610.—By B. FISON.

- WHITE
1. R to Kt 3rd
2. Q takes Kt (ch)
3. Kt or B mates
- BLACK
Kt takes R
K moves
- If Black play 1. K to R 4th; 2. Q to R 5th (ch), B to K 4th (ch); 3. Q takes B, mate. If 1. K to K 3rd; 2. R to K 3rd (ch), B takes R; 3. B to B 8th, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2613.

By W. S. FENOLLOSA (Salem, Mass., U.S.A.).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following game is the seventh in the match between Messrs. STEINITZ and LASKER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|----------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. L.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 22. P to K R 4th | P to Q B 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 23. P to Kt 6th | P to Q 4th |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q 3rd | 24. P takes R P (ch) | |
| 4. P to Q 4th | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3rd | K Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 6. B to K 3rd | | | |
| 7. Q to Q 2nd | B to K 2nd | | |
| 8. Castles (Q R) | P to R 3rd | | |
| 9. B to K 2nd | P takes P | | |
| 10. Kt takes P | Kt takes Kt | | |
| 11. Q takes Kt | B to K B 3rd | | |
| 12. Q to Q 2nd | B to Q B 3rd | | |
| 13. Kt to Q 5th | Castles | | |
| 14. P to K Kt 4th | R to K sq | | |
| 15. P to Kt 5th | B takes Kt | | |
| 16. Q takes B | R to K 4th | | |
| 17. Q to Q 2nd | B takes P | | |
| 18. P to K B 4th | R takes P (at K5) | | |
| 19. P takes B | Q to K 2nd | | |
| 20. Q R to B sq | | | |
| 21. B to B 4th | | | |
- White here varies his previous continuation of B to B 4th, and although we do not think the change is an advantageous one, he sets an example Black might usefully follow.
6. Kt to K Kt 3rd
The Knight seems well posted here, but is ultimately the cause of disaster.
7. Q to Q 2nd
8. Castles (Q R)
9. B to K 2nd
10. Kt takes P
11. Q takes Kt
12. Q to Q 2nd
13. Kt to Q 5th
14. P to K Kt 4th
Meeting the attack with great coolness, and virtually outmanoeuvring his opponent by fine play.
15. P to Kt 5th
16. Q takes B
17. Q to Q 2nd
18. P to K B 4th
19. P takes B
20. Q R to B sq
So far, the game is all against White, but this move regains lost ground in a surprising fashion, and testifies to the masterly resourcefulness of the first player.
21. B to B 4th
To leave one piece out of play and put another in an equally useless position is strangely at variance with the theories of the modern school. R to K B sq is surely as correct as it is obvious.
22. P to K R 4th
23. P to Kt 6th
24. P takes R P (ch)
White, of course, must stake everything on the success of his attack, and carries it on, therefore, with unflinching vigour.
25. B to Q 3rd (ch)
26. P to R 5th
27. P to R 6th
28. P to R 7th (ch)
29. K to Kt sq
30. P to Q 3rd
Here, however, he has to pause to place his own King in safety, and Black must have under-rated the force of the onslaught when he did not turn this precious time to better account.
31. Q to B 2nd
32. Q to R 4th
33. B to K B 5th
P to Q B 4th
P to B 5th
P to B 3rd
K to B 2nd
34. K R to Kt sq
35. Q to R 5th (ch)
36. R to Kt 8th
37. R takes P
38. R takes R
39. R takes B P (ch)
40. Q to R 6th
41. Q to R 2nd
42. Q to Kt sq (ch)
43. Q to Kt 5th (ch)
44. R to B 5th
45. Q takes Q (ch), and wins.

A team of the Metropolitan played the Rochester and Stroud Chess Club on April 14, and won a well-fought contest by 11½ games to 8½.

Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co. have taken over the *Newbery House Magazine*, formerly published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co. The magazine, which was originally edited by Mr. Rodwell, has been a good Church periodical, and has recently been very much popularised. Messrs. Innes will now issue two of the best-known Church of England periodicals, the *Monthly Packet* and *Newbery House*. It can hardly be said that any magazine representing the Church has the same place among the monthlies as the *Guardian*, for example, has among the weeklies.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Nearly all the trousseau for Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg Edinburgh on her marriage to the Grand Duke of Hesse has been made in London—dresses, hats, lingerie, boots, and all. Following the precedent of her own wedding outfit, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg has given her daughter a very large stock of magnificent apparel. The dressing-gowns alone were quite a show. There was a charming one in a white woolly cloth spotted with heliotrope and having a rope girdle of the same tone, and another of pale blue cashmere with a deep collar of butter-coloured lace. Blue is the favourite colour of the bride, who is of a fair complexion, and several of her tea-gowns also are of that hue. One of the prettiest is an accordion-pleated pale blue mousseline-de-soie, loose from the throat but with a yoke outlined on it by straps of slightly darker blue ribbon. Another charming one is of delicate blue silk and wool mixture with a yoke and sleeves of blue silk muslin and with ruffles of coffee-tinted lace all down the front from throat to hem and also round the sleeves.

Most generally admired would be the gown in which the bride made her entry into the chief town of her new duchy. It is of smooth-faced cloth in the very palest possible shot pink and cream, so that at first sight it looks almost white. This is embroidered in several refined tones in a design of butterflies and flowers round the basque and on the top bodice—which is a sort of zouave, only not cut away at the throat—and the edges of this and also of the skirt are sparingly trimmed with black net embroidered in colours to match. To go with this wonderful dress there is a coat of the same pale shot cloth with revers, collar, and tight cuffs to the elbow in embroideries. This was not the travelling costume, which was of blue-grey cloth, the plain skirt embroidered from the waist nearly to the hem with sprays of flowers, chiefly forget-me-nots. To wear with this there was a quaint little cape, hardly shaped at all, but cut to fall in long ends in front, these and the collar being embroidered to match the skirt, and over the shoulders went a trimming of four rows of narrow silk fringe in the same blue-grey colour—positive fringe, such as has not been used for years past.

Amid the embarrassment of riches of the other gowns I must mention the cloth-of-silver train in which the young Grand Duchess is to hold her first Court. It is a fabric in which actual threads of bullion are woven one way with white silk the other way, and it is further brocaded with silver leaves and scrolls that stand up on the surface and are highly burnished so that they shine forth. The front of this sumptuous dress is very elaborately embroidered in silver on white satin, and it is to be edged with white ostrich-feather ruches. A demi-toilette gown, for dinner or theatre wear, is in sweet simplicity of contrast. The material is blue brocade, the foot set out with a flounce over which falls a second flounce of pale blue lisse gathered on full; the plain bodice has a corselet belt of jet worked on black net to encircle the figure firmly, and there is a yoke and frill of blue lisse, with full sleeves strapped round in two places by jetted net, and ending just below the elbow in a fall of lisse. A visiting dress of crépon in biscuit colour has the skirt cut in vandykes to show a frill of gold-embroidered brown muslin, and a bodice plainly made with a belt of gold-embroidered muslin and an epaulette frill and cuffs of the same. A handsome pelisse presents another instance of the degree to which hand embroideries are used in this trousseau to give exceptional splendour. It is of fawn cloth, with a full skirt and a cape; the collar, down the back, halfway along the sleeves, and round the bottom and partly up the front of the skirt all being most elaborately embroidered in a slightly darker shade of silk. Of the varied evening dresses, perhaps the two handsomest are these: one of chené silk with a pattern of pale pink roses on a white ground which is also moiré, slit far up at each side to show green velvet inserted panels, which are heavily embroidered in pale pink and green. The pointed bodice is finished off with green embroidered velvet berthe and a waterfall of fine lace down the front. The other is a copy of an old French pictured robe of the time of Louis XV. The style is one that is struggling to make way over in Paris, and it is very becoming to many figures, the skirt falling open all the way down in front to show an underskirt, while the top one is slightly trained behind, and gathered full on to the bodice at the waist. The material of the Princess's under-dress is a rich blue satin hand-embroidered in chenille of blue and fawn tones and with gold and silver beads introduced; the over-dress is a solid kind of silk with stripes of blue and biscuit, and a fine broading running over it; this is made with a train. The bodice is pointed and in one with the train, but opens in front over a vest of embroideries, and the sleeves have lace drapings.

Surely now that it is decided by a County Court judge that a woman servant may not be abruptly dismissed by her master for smoking in the kitchen, ladies who have themselves a tendency to that habit will "take a thought." In these fine days of the triumph of democracy, it is no use ladies thinking that their servants will be forbidden to copy their ways. In the good old days, things were different. Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, issued sumptuary laws, prohibiting any woman from appearing in public without a woollen cap on her head, unless she were a "gentlewoman or lady of title"; and a few years after the same autocrat proclaimed the style of dress for all the various divisions of society with the object in view of allowing the station and occupation of everybody to be known at a glance. I have just been reading an old German autobiography, the authoress of which says that in the last century, in her native town of Dantzic, the burghers' wives would not have dreamed of dressing the same as the ladies, and a state official attended all the weddings of the tradespeople to see that the bride did not wear "pearls or other finery beyond what was allowed." But for good or for evil those days are over. The type of to-day is Leech's cook in crinoline replying to the housemaid who said she "only wore her crinoline out of doors": "Excuse me, Jane, but I like to be a lady indoors as well as out." If the "missus" smokes in the boudoir the domestics will smoke in the kitchen. Does not the reflection give pause to cigarette lovers?

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LONDON OFFICE: 25, REGENT STREET, S.W.

ART NOTES.

The delay in filling up the post of Director of the National Gallery, now actually vacant, may be due only to the Queen's absence from England; but it is more likely owing to the difficulty of finding a suitable successor to Sir F. Burton. The same stern sentence which deprives the National Gallery of his services has been equally operative at the National Portrait Gallery—from which Mr. George Scharf, its real founder and foster-father, has also been forced to withdraw on the ground of age. In another year the new National Portrait Gallery will be ready to receive back its treasures, and will then form, practically, one building with the National Gallery. Would it not be possible in the interests of art, as well as of economy, to carry the fusion a step further, and to place both galleries under the headship of one chief director, with assistant directors, having special qualifications, under him, for each of the two galleries? The question of the fusion of the two boards of trustees might be left to the decision of the existing bodies; and for certain obvious reasons it might be as well to keep them distinct. It would, however, be a direct gain to have a responsible official—such as the director-in-chief would be—to advise in questions of purchase, to prevent any possibility of the two galleries competing against one another for works of art, and to settle the question of expansion and encroachment which must inevitably arise sooner or later. We commend this suggestion to the attention of those interested in the maintenance of our picture galleries in the position they have attained, as it provides the means whereby the theories and aims of the general authority upon art can be supplemented and controlled by assistants possessing special technical knowledge.

"The Lady Artists," who this year have returned to their former exhibition-room at the Egyptian Hall, may be honestly congratulated on the show they make. It is too much the fashion to look upon their work as that of amateurs, but a very cursory glance round the room shows that a large number of the members of the society have full claim to be ranked as professionals. Among the oil paintings, Mrs. Swynnerton's portrait of Miss L. Wilkinson (208), Miss F. Moody's group of kittens and puppy, "Familiarity Breeds Contempt" (190), Miss Alice Grant's portrait of a baby (214), Miss Ida Lovering's "Sunny Hours" (242), Mrs. Reichardt's "Sabotier Breton" (256), and Mrs. Stanhope-Förbes's "Game of Old Maid" (259), are a few among many which are quite up to the level of the best work shown at exhibitions open to both sexes. It is, however, in water-colours that the ladies, as a rule, excel, and they often bring to their work a refinement of thought and fancy which should have no need of the special protection offered by this useful and deserving society. Miss Helen O'Hara, in her renderings of breaking waves and stormy seas, as in 103 and 117; Miss Osborn, in her reminiscences of the Norfolk Broads, "Ship-meadow Loch" (184) and "Ranworth Broad" (132); Miss Melicent Grose, in her bold and fanciful treatments

of atmosphere and sky, whether of "St. Paul's" (11) or "Honfleur" (156) at early morn, or, still better, her afternoon study of light at the latter place" (44); and Miss Kempton's clever rendering of the struggle between "Mist and Sunshine" (107) near Ballachulish, are good instances of how truly these ladies have grasped the difficulties they depict, and how successfully they have surmounted them.

Black-and-white work seems to find little favour with the Lady Artists, or else the committee are not able to find space for it; but in making exception in favour of Miss C. M. Pott's clever etchings of the "East Cliff, Hastings" (364), and one or two similar works, they indicate a line which ladies, with their deftness of hand and lightness of touch, might pursue with advantage. Miss S. K. Canton's wax figure of the "Fairy Godmother" (396) is a still more novel departure, and shows considerable taste and skill in its execution.

The quest after unknown and forgotten artists is full of interest and often of excitement to those who devote themselves to it. The development of a local school, the influence of a particular master, give rise to speculations, and not unfrequently to discoveries, which in the end form links in the history of art. For some time past the Tyrolean body of painters and sculptors has been generally lost in the vague term, "the Swabian school," but recently the Austrian critics have agreed to recognise the distinctive features of a group of artists who had very little Swabian origin. Among these, Michel Pacher—or, as he signed himself, Mica Pacer—was perhaps the most noteworthy. Born at Brunecken, in the Pusterthal, between 1430 and 1440, he probably obtained his first inspirations from the then flourishing school of Brixen, of which Jacob Sumter, whose work is still to be seen in that old town as well as at Innsbruck, was the most prominent teacher. Sumter's work, however, was wholly German-Flemish in thought and execution. Whether Brunecken from some cause was more susceptible to Italian influence, it is useless to discuss; but the fact remains that Pacher's work more distinctly leans towards the spirit of Mantegna than to that of Dürer. He seems to have been equally an adept in wood-carving and in painting. Two bas-reliefs in the vestry of the Ursulines' Church at Brunecken are probably specimens of his early work, and differ little from other carving to be found at many of the churches or monasteries of this district. Four painted panels, however, in the cloisters of the same church show that in a short time his art had freed itself from its earlier trammels. At Ried, near Botzen, and the church of the village of Mitter-Olang, are works cited as showing his subsequent powers as an artist. But his most important work is admitted to be the magnificent crucifix which surmounts the high altar in the parish church at Botzen. Herr Duhlke compares this work with Dürer's Crucifixion at Dresden, and considers Pacher's work as conveying more. A similar treatment of the same subject, attributed to Pacher, is to be found in the Cathedral of Breslau, and another in the Museum at Nordlingen.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

An official copy, translated from the French, of the holograph will (dated Nov. 15, 1893) of Mr. Charles Edwards, of 51, Rue Saint Georges, Paris, who died on Jan. 18, was proved in London on April 17 by Hippolyte Adolphe Megret, the executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £225,000. The testator bequeaths all her clothes and jewellery to his wife in full ownership; all his furniture and objects of art to his wife and son, to be divided between them; and one fourth in full ownership, and one fourth in usufruct of the surplus of his property in France, in England, and abroad, including what is brought into hotchpot, to his wife.

The will (dated May 6, 1893) of Mr. John Perry, of Beech Hurst, Hayward's Heath, Sussex, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 17 by Mrs. Emma Marian Perry, the widow, Henry Volekman, and Mrs. Fanny Davis, the daughters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £193,000. The testator bequeaths all the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at his residence, and his horses and carriages to his wife; an annuity of £700 to her during life or widowhood, and he gives her power to appoint same or any part or parts thereof to any of his descendants during their respective lives; £3000 each to the children of his late daughter, Sarah Peacock, and his late son, John Perry, and to his grandson, Stanley Hobson; an annuity of £500 to his son Thomas; £500 to his nephew, Richard Perry; £100 each to his executors; and £100 each to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his children, Richard Perry, Elizabeth Davis, Janet Volekman, and Fanny Davis.

The will (dated July 14, 1891) of Mr. Edward Phelps Pope, of Loversal Hall, near Doncaster, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on April 16 by John Buckingham Pope, the brother, and Henry Francis Church, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £111,000. The testator makes provision for his wife, but not to exceed £1500 per annum, exclusive of the value of Loversal Hall, with the furniture and effects, so long as she shall occupy same; and bequeaths £100 per annum each to his trustees. One third of the income of the residue of his real and personal estate, but not to exceed £2000 per annum, is to be held upon trust for his daughter, Agnes Sarah Frances, and on her marriage, with the consent of his trustees, one third of the principal, but not to exceed £50,000, is to be settled upon her. The ultimate residue of his property he leaves upon trust for his son, Maurice Edward Weston Pope. Large discretionary powers are given to his trustees.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1893) of Mr. William Thearsby Poole, D.L., J.P., of Gwynfa, Carnarvon, and Caenest, Merionethshire, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on April 14 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bankes-Price, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £2000 to his nephew Charles Edward Hamilton; £1000 to his nephew

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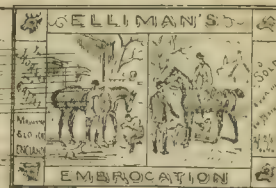
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Hugh Reginald Anthony; £500 to his niece, Amy Margaret, the three last named being the children of his brother Charles; £500 to Thomas Adrian Owen Stokes; and £150 to George Herbert Humphreys. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his said daughter.

The will (dated July 21, 1890) of Mr. Frederick William Fisher, of Westfield House, Doncaster, was proved on April 4 by Mrs. Alice Fisher, the widow and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator leaves £3000 to his niece Augusta Mary Wilson; £1500 each to his nieces Fanny Nicholson, Marian Nicholson, Emily Howlett, and Edith Nicholson; £1000 each to his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Henry Jackson, his executor, Frederick Smith (who renounced the probate), and his clerk, William Rushton, free of legacy duty; his estate, Barnby-on-Don and Thorp-in-Balne, to his nephew, John George Nicholson, absolutely; and the premises where he carries on his business to the said Frederick Smith, William Rushton, and John George Nicholson, in equal shares. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated July 14, 1890), with a codicil (dated Jan. 26, 1892), of Mr. Samuel Charles Umfreville, J.P., of Ingress Park, Greenhithe, Kent, who died on March 12, was proved on April 17 by Mrs. Joan Umfreville, the widow, Captain Samuel Charles Umfreville, the son, and

Adam Rivers Steele, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and an annuity of £300, so long as she shall remain his widow, to his wife, and she is to have the use of his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects so long as she shall maintain a home for any of his children; £600 each to his sisters Rebecca Clark Creed and Ann Darling Hicks; an annuity of £100 to his sister Susan Maria Umfreville; an annuity of £130 to his late wife's sister, Eliza Wilson; an annuity of £36 to Fanny Wilson; and legacies to servants and others. His freehold estate known as New Place, Uppminster, Essex, he gives to his son, Samuel Charles, and his heirs in fee simple. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 10, 1892) of Mr. William Frederick Sanger, circus-proprietor, of St. Anne's Road, Stamford Hill, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on April 11 by John Sanger, George James Sanger, and James Sanger, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his said three brothers and his sister, Lavinia Hoffman, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1889) of Mr. Walter Aston Blount, of the Herald's College, Clarencieux King-at-Arms, and of 1, West Eaton Place, Belgrave Square, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on April 12 by George Blount,

the brother, and Stephen Blount, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; £50 to the poor scholars attached to the Catholic Church of St. Mary, Chelsea; an annuity of £500 to his sister Constantia Blount; an annuity of £200 to his brother George Blount; and there are other bequests. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one third, upon trust, for his nephew Sir Walter de Sodington Blount; one third, upon trust, for his nephew Hugh Francis Blount; and one third, upon trust, for his niece Joan Frances Blount. His estate at Shabington, in the counties of Bucks and Oxford, he devises to the use of Dame Mary Frances Blount, for life, with remainder to the said Sir Walter de Sodington Blount, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, Walter Aston Blount, for life, with remainder to his sons severally and successively, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1893) of Major Cavendish Charles Fitzroy, of 18, Bramham Gardens, Wetherby Road, who died on Jan. 8 at Heatherden, Cottenham Park Road, Wimbledon, was proved on April 16 by Alexander Pelham Trotter and Alfred Strange, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator makes some specific gifts to his son and daughter Harold Charles Cavendish Fitzroy and Anne Isabella Fitzroy, and leaves the residue of his property to them in equal shares.

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2.	SCOTLAND.
3.	MIDDLESEX, KENT, and SURREY.
4.	NORTHUMBERLAND, DURHAM, and YORKSHIRE.
5.	CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, LANCASHIRE, and ISLE OF MAN.
6.	WALES, CHESHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, SHROPSHIRE, WORCESTERSHIRE, MONMOUTHSHIRE, and HEREFORDSHIRE.
7.	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, LINCOLNSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, RUTLANDSHIRE, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, HUNTINGDONSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and OXFORDSHIRE.
8.	ESSEX, HERTFORDSHIRE, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, BERKSHIRE, SUSSEX, HAMPSHIRE, WILTSHIRE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, SOMERSETSHIRE, DORSETSHIRE, DEVONSHIRE, CORNWALL, ISLE OF WIGHT, and CHANNEL ISLANDS.

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£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
100	0	0	9600	0	0
84	0	0	8064	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
52	10	0	5040	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
50	0	0	4800	0	0
			41,904	0	0



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

When the other night I sat in a top box at Drury Lane Theatre—a box so high and so low pitched in front that I thought every minute I should be hurled headlong into the enthusiastic pit, who might or might not have torn me limb from limb, or escorted me generously to the nearest hospital—strange memories came back to me. Before me stood the model and the modern prize-fighter. Here on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre was Mr. James Corbett, the champion boxer of the world, the hero of America, destined to be the boon companion of the sporting fraternity in England. And a fine handsome fellow is Mr. James Corbett, and a modest and courteous man withal. But what a curious reversal of all accepted opinion! Instead of looking upon a prize-fighter as a beetle-browed bully, with cropped hair, side ringlets, and a murderous countenance, a man who could make the whole air shiver with strange oaths, and cause the sensitive ear to sting with rank blasphemies, here was a well-dressed, well-equipped, gentlemanly young fellow, strong but merciful, who was received by the women with acclamation, and presented with bouquets and baskets of flowers over the orchestra as if he had been a prima donna. This, no doubt, is the ideal prize-fighter, this stalwart young hero that we see in "Gentleman Jack." This is exactly the type of strength that the old Greeks and Romans would have loved to encourage. They wanted

strength and skill to be applied to a noble purpose, to protect defenceless women, to punish insolent arrogance, to clear the world of ruffianism, cowardice, and sham. Gentleman Jack in the play is exactly what the champion boxer ought to be. He was in the mind of defenders of the Ring in the old days when they talked of the "noble art of self-defence." I can recall as if it were yesterday, when a public-school boy at Marlborough, attending the sitting of the quarter sessions at the old townhall at the end of the most picturesque street. A man was tried for stabbing another with a knife. The Judge or the Recorder—I think it was Mr. Merewether, Q.C.—sentenced the man and delivered a homily on the power of the English fist over the Italian knife. He said, "Englishmen do not stab one another; they bruise one another." Their weapon is not the concealed blade, but the obvious "pair of fives." For years and years prize-fighting in England was encouraged *sub rosa* because it was supposed to be a manly method of settling a difference. I would not give much for a schoolboy who had never had a fight. It does him good, whether he wins or loses.

But, as I know from experience, the prize-fighter of years ago was not the Gentleman Jack that Mr. Corbett presents to us on the stage. Quite the contrary. Except in rare instances, he was a trained brute, and the scenes enacted at prize-fights were as revolting and disgusting as the mind can conceive. I happened to be a little behind the scenes of prize-fighting when I was a lad, for an intimate friend of mine was Frank Dowling, the editor of

Bell's Life in London; then the sporting and prize-fighters' oracle of all London and the provinces. Nearly every Friday I was allowed to go down to Dowling's office in the Strand, next door to the Strand Theatre, and as I sat in the editor's room pretending to read the newspapers, I was an eye-witness to many a curious scene. One day a ruffianly and drunken prize-fighter came up to Dowling's room to protest against some decision that had been given (for Dowling was the official referee at all the best fights), or to deposit some money for a future contest, or to kick up a row generally. Anyhow, the brute used the most awful language ever heard, lost his temper, and, approaching the editor's desk, offered violence then and there. Dowling, cool as a cucumber, with his eyeglass stuck in his eye, went to the fender and armed himself with the office poker. So armed, he advanced to the drunken bully and said, "Out you go!" The prize-fighter, who might have pulverised the editor in five seconds, slunk out of the room like a whipped hound. That was a prize-fighter of the past. And now for another instance. It was told to me the other evening by a well-known member of Parliament, who in the late fifties was a man about town. The scene, a night-house in Waterloo Place, called "Sally Sutherland's." A notorious prize-fighter was present who had just won a classic contest, and was suffering from a "swollen head" in more senses than one. He had insulted a defenceless woman. Her cause was espoused by a young stripling from Oxford, who had no more idea who the bully was than the man in

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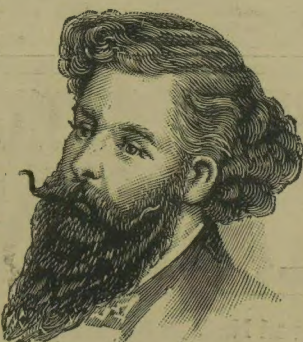
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"Dear Sir,—I received the 'Harlene' quite safe, and I am
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"Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it
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"Berkley Lodge, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
Dr. BISHOP has used two bottles of Edwards' 'Harlene,'
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"Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract."

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In my opinion your 'Harlene' is the best ever used by the
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Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any Metallic or
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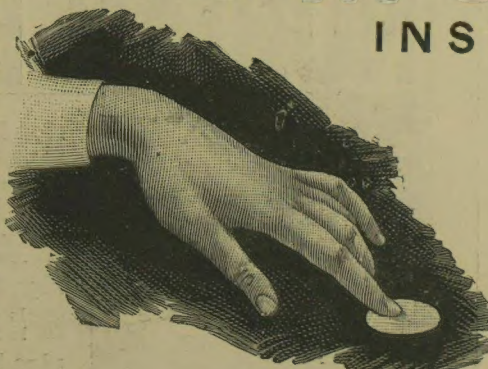
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"Homoea" is sold by all Dealers at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or will be sent on receipt of P.O. for 1s. 3d. and 3s. from the Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. Hooper, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, sells it.

the moon. In his ignorance, he challenged the first boxer in England to mortal combat then and there. "Sit down, young man," said the boxer, "sit down. I am —" The name would have been enough to frighten an ordinary youth out of his shoes. "I don't care a hang who you are!" shouted the University lad; "you have insulted a woman, and if you don't apologise you'll have to take a thrashing." Off went their coats, a ring was formed, and in less than five minutes the champion boxer had received quite as much as was good for him. He held up his hand and cried "Habet!" This was only the second time in his life that this boxer had been beaten.

The play called "Gentleman Jack" is a bad one—ill-made and uninteresting; but if men, or women either, want to see the ideal boxer, if they care to know how he is trained and practised, if they would look upon as good

and exciting a picture of a club prize-fight as could be presented, they should not miss seeing "Gentleman Jack" at Drury Lane. As an exciting stage set, perfect in every detail, I have never seen a better sensation scene than the fight in "Gentleman Jack." I shall be told, no doubt, that it is not good art. To my mind it is far better done than an explosion, a railway accident, or a house on fire, as we see them on the stage. And I expect there are scores of people who would sooner see this exhibition of fisticuffs than listen to the morbid drivell of unsexed women and effeminate men. I would sooner see a modern Comedy of the Cestus than a Comedy of Cranks.

Mr. George Holt has offered to the Council of University College, Liverpool, £10,000 for the endowment of a chair of pathology in the medical school. Hitherto this school has

possessed but one endowed chair, that of physiology, which was also a gift from Mr. Holt. In addition to this he gave £5000 for the maintenance of the laboratory appliances and staff.

The Home Office authorities have consented to sell Chester Castle Military Prison to the Cheshire County Council for £4733. The county authorities intend to enlarge the accommodation at the Castle for the assize courts and to provide offices for some of the county officials.

The miners' section of the Coal Trade Conciliation Board have unanimously adopted a resolution expressing regret for the language used by Mr. Bailey in reference to Lord Shand, and disclaiming responsibility for it, but declaring that they are determined to fight the principle of a minimum wage.



What becomes of pain when successfully treated? We say, it vanishes like smoke. But sometimes smoke only vanishes in appearance. It is really scattered, and continues to exist elsewhere, although perhaps in different form. When thoroughly treated, however, it vanishes entirely, never to trouble anybody again. Just so is it with pain. Halfway treatment may relieve by changing its location and character. Thorough treatment does away with it altogether. If

you want a sure relief from pains in the back, side, chest or limbs, use an

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Of all Chemists from 1s. 1½d. up to 22s. 6d. each.

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On Sunday, April 22, at Brighton, Frederick Gordon Mackenzie, late Captain Queen's Bays and Hon. Major 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, aged 39.

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MATINEES, May 5, 12, 19, 26, and 31, at 2 o'clock. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurd) open daily from 10 to 5, and during the performance. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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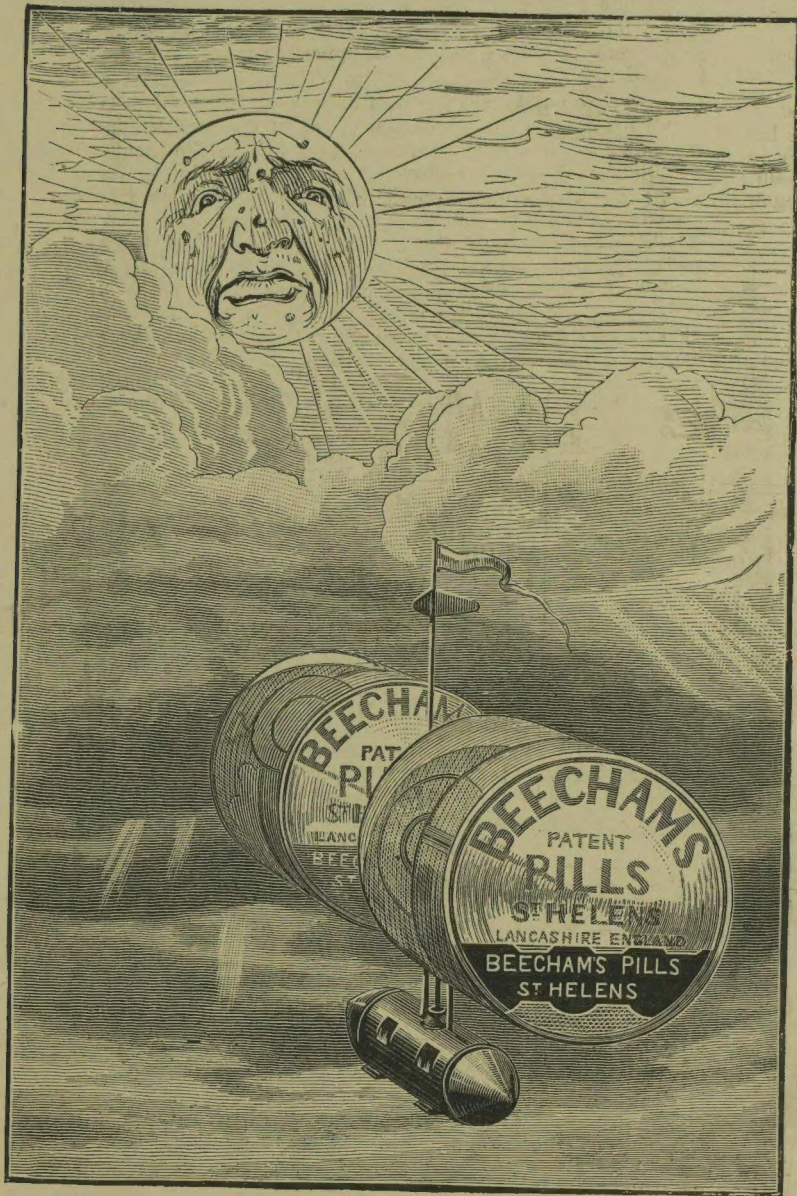
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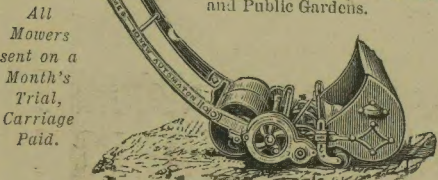


It is a matter of wonderment that no Country, Society, or Crank has come forward with any suggestion to rid the genial old Sun of the spots which now distort his visage. The Proprietor of Beecham's Pills has been dreaming that they may be "pimples that come with the Spring," and if such be the case he recommends his Pills (which he takes himself) for removing them. When he has perfected his flying machine, and can see a less hazy mode of conveyance than that depicted by the artist in his flight of fancy, in the interests of Science he will publish further plans and particulars.

Quoth the Sun, "These horrid spots
Must appear as ugly blots,
And they'll put it down to liquor when it's not, not, not.
Here comes Beecham with his Pills,
And he'll quickly clear my gills,
Which are just a little hot—eh, what? what? what?"

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IN ALL SIZES, TO SUIT EVERY REQUIREMENT.

"Royal Horticultural Society, Chiswick Garden, W.
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"Dear Sirs.—I may say that we are charmed with the way in which the work was done by your Chain Automaton Mower, from the beginning of the season to the end. Nothing could have been more satisfactory.—Yours very truly, A. F. BARRON."

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TO MOTHERS.

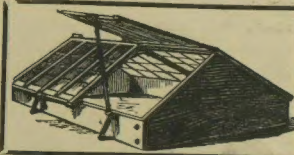
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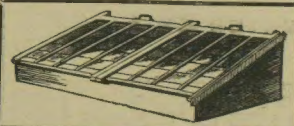
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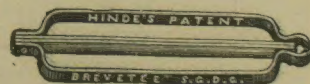
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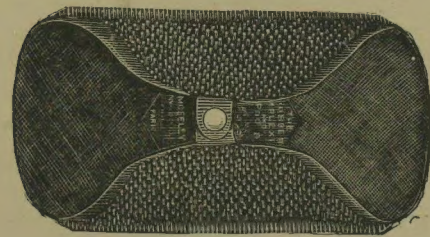
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SOME MORAL CONUNDRUMS.

Benefits Forgot. By Wolcott Balestier. (W. Heinemann.) One thing is certain about the curious novel which the late Mr. Balestier has left to posthumous fame. It lives and moves and has its being in a rarefied moral atmosphere, the like of which is unknown to modern fiction. The scene of the story is laid in Colorado; amid that Western activity which usually resolves itself into the simple issues of Bret Harte's legends. A good deal of the interest turns upon a cattle ranch and lead-mining. There is an episode in which a vigilance committee banishes a clergyman—an English clergyman—from his parish, to take his chance with his daughter of dying in a snow-storm in the mountains. His offence was that he would not read the funeral service over two men who had died of smallpox, a dereliction of duty which blasts his ecclesiastical career. There is a fight in a mine between a pair of exasperated brothers, and one of them is stunned by a point of rock, the nearest approach to the immortal "chunk of old red sandstone." But beyond this very remote likeness to the sort of drama to which we have been accustomed in these regions, there is nothing in common between Mr. Balestier's romance and the familiar idylls of Red Gulches and Roaring Camps,

of which Mr. Bret Harte made the copyright. In "Benefits Forgot" you are rapt from such simple things into a sphere of moral analysis, where you gasp for breath, and grope about amongst "obscure and multitudinous motives." One of the characters, a genial speculator, with a delightful flow of the Western vernacular, aptly describes it as "a hair-splitting region." "My mind is too gross for it," he says in the course of a general review of the most acute crisis in the book. So, I must confess, is mine. I have a humiliating sense that Dorothy Maurice and Philip Deed are beings whose mental habits and daily converse leave me far behind in some prehistoric stage of moral development. Philip's father, James Deed, begins the story by selling, for a trifling sum, the farm in which he has made his elder son, Jasper, a legal partner on the understanding that a third interest belongs to the younger son, Philip. On the very day that James Deed is about to marry again he learns from Jasper, who has gone to New York, that the elder son insists on his legal rights, and refuses to recognise his brother's. When James tells Margaret, the bride-expectant, that he will revenge himself for this unfilial conduct by selling the farm over Jasper's head, she tries to dissuade him, and offends his passionate pride so deeply that he leaves her and there is no wedding that day. When Philip hears what has occurred, he, too, remonstrates with his father, who accuses him of selfish regret at the loss of his own share of the property—

not a very alarming impeachment, though it leads to a violent quarrel, in which the father declares that he will raise money to pay for Philip's sacrificed interest. This he does by pledging mining stock of which he is trustee; but, unknown to him, Philip raises money too, and satisfies the obligation of the trusteeship. Philip has two mines, one of which he mentally assigns to his brother; but when this mine unexpectedly becomes very lucrative, he cancels the mental transaction, and goes about with an inflamed conscience. When he is the accepted lover of Dorothy, she discovers his secret, and leaves him for ever. A man who could thus behave to a brother at whose hands he had suffered so much wrong is no fit companion for her moral sense. But his father, who has in the meantime married Margaret and found out that Philip has made good the trust-money, explains to Dorothy what a noble fellow his son is, and she is eventually brought to see the paragon in the same light. And the end of it is that they are all paragons except Jasper and the parson, and their moral senses are thoroughly satisfied. I am afraid most readers will feel too depressed by their own unworthiness to cope with so much conscience in Colorado, but the book has a fascination notwithstanding. There are admirable touches of character and humour; many of the scenes are written with real power; and the philosophy of the genial speculator, Mr. Edward Vertner, is a relief to the superlative ethics of the principal personages. L. F. A.

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